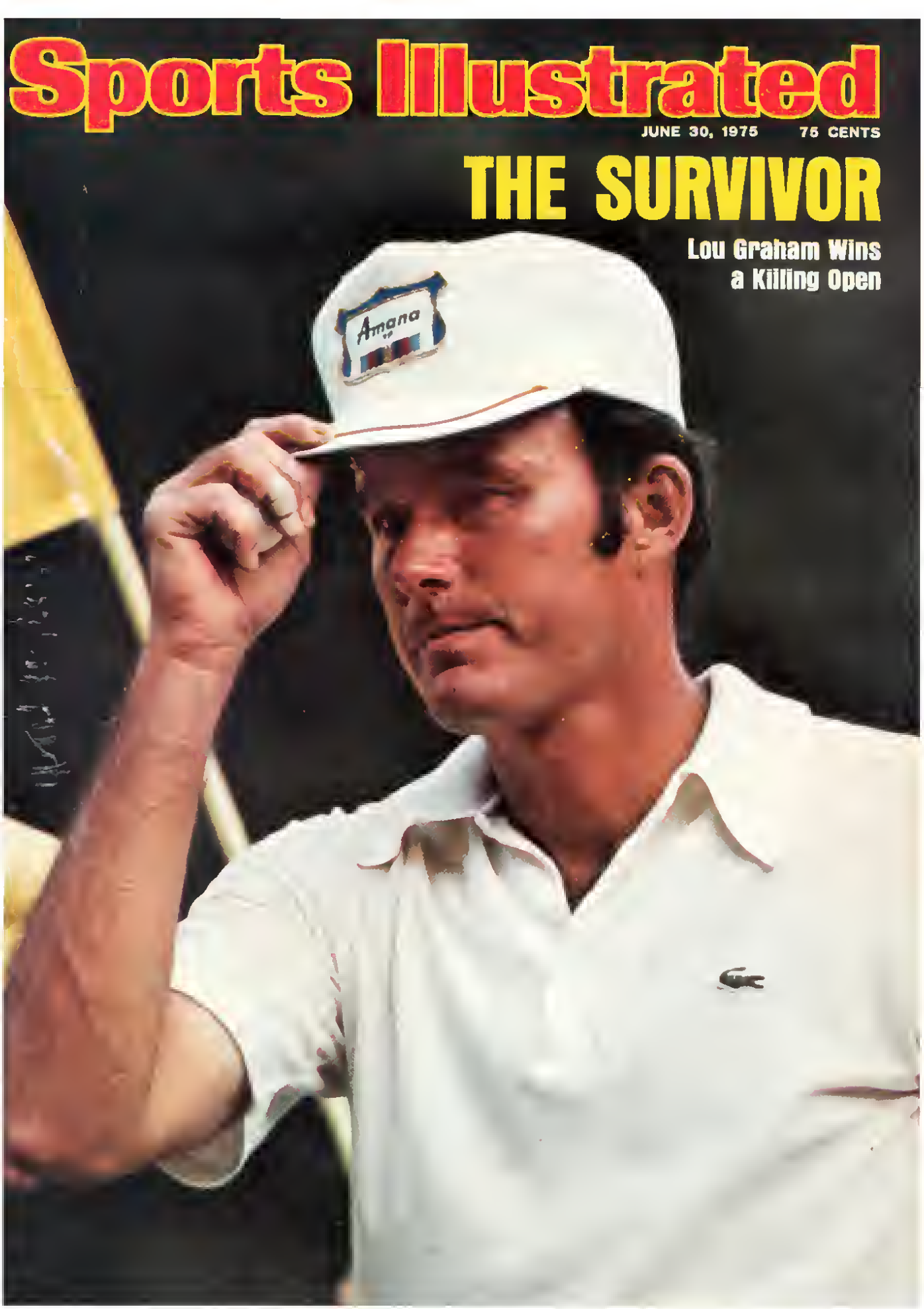
Sports Illustrated
JUNE 30, 1975 75 CENTS

# THE SURVIVOR

## Lou Graham Wins a Killing Open



# The Bacardi Driver. Zippier than a screwdriver and as easy as 1, 2, 3.




1. Splash 1½ oz. Bacardi light rum over ice in a tall glass.

2. Pour on lots of ice cold orange juice.

3. Squeeze and drop in a wedge of fresh lime or lemon.
Now you're ready for some zippy sippin'. Because smooth ol' Bacardi and that hint of lime or lemon really turn on the OJ. The Bacardi Driver tastes terrific. And it couldn't be easier.

BACARDI rum. The mixable one.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE BACARDI PARTY BOOKLET ©1975 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., BACARDI BLDG., MIAMI, FL. 33137 RUM 80 AND 151 PROOF.
"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED

# Lincoln-Mercury announces a new little car. Mercury Bobcat MPG

**34** miles per gallon highway test (23 mpg city test)

Mercury's new little Bobcat MPG got 34 mpg in government highway dynamometer test, 23 mpg in city test with its standard 2.3 litre 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed man. trans., 3.18 axle and catalyst. Your actual road mileage will depend on driving habits and conditions and your car's equipment.

## Bobcat MPG's government mileage rating together with increased foreign car prices makes Bobcat an outstanding value. Here's why:

| | HIGHWAY MILEAGE RATING | CITY MILEAGE RATING | STICKER PRICE* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mercury Bobcat MPG | 34 | 23 | $3225 |
| Toyota Corona | 28 | 19 | $3679 |
| Fiat 131 | 26 | 18 | $3958 |
| VW Rabbit | 38 | 24 | $3330 |
| Datsun 710 | 33 | 22 | $3519 |

*Base sticker prices, excluding title, taxes and freight. Dealer prep extra on Bobcat, Fiat and VW and may alter comparison in some areas. Bobcat's price includes optional WSW tires. Competitive mileage from EPA Buyer's Guide.



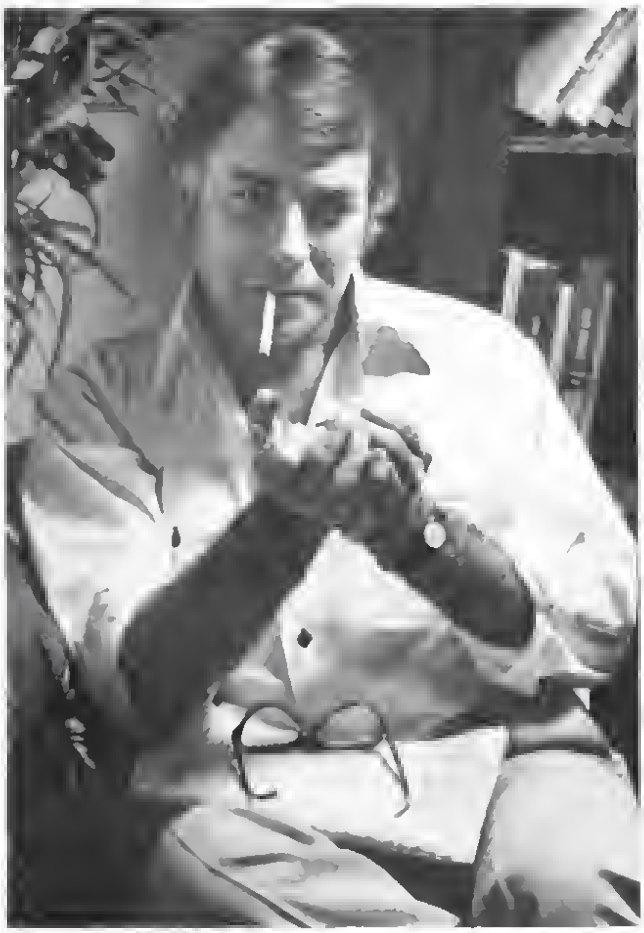
Mercury Bobcat MPG 3-door

Bobcat comes standard with front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, solid-state ignition, deeply padded bucket seats, all vinyl interior, full carpeting, sound insulation and the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

MERCURY BOBCAT

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

# "How I lost 700 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."



"I'm not too big in the willpower department. But I lost 700 milligrams of 'tar' the first week on what I call 'The Doral Diet.' Now I can still enjoy smoking, and cut down on 'tar' and nicotine, too.

"Doral satisfies my appetite for smoking because it tastes good. Compared to what I used to smoke, each Doral cigarette is 5 milligrams lower in 'tar.' For a pack a day smoker like me, my Doral Diet really adds up."




**Menthol or Regular.**

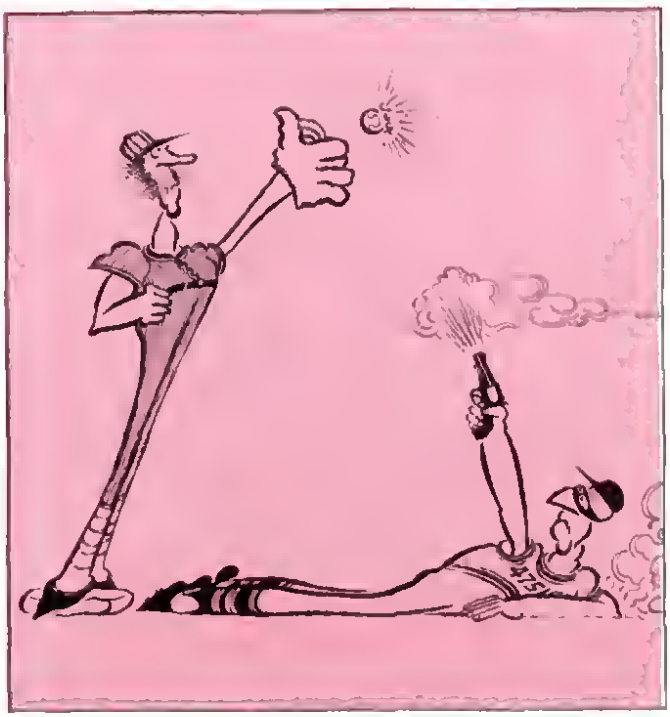
Warning. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,
FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

# CONTENTS

**JUNE 30, 1975** *Volume 42, No. 26*

*Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr*



*Arnold Roth*

**26 A Game of Pinches**

*No team in the majors has stolen 200 bases since 1918, but at the rate they are ripping them off in the speed-spangled West three will do it this year California Oakland and Kansas City Chief thief at the moment is Outfielder Mickey Rivers of the Angels.*

**by Ron Fimrite**

**18 Madness at Medinah**

*No one else wanted it, so Lou Graham took the U S Open, winning in a playoff*

**by Dan Jenkins**

**22 High, Fast and Very Upsetting**

*In a bizarre AAU track championship the records were mostly set by the wrong folks*

**by Ron Reid**

**32 'I Try to Carry My Load'**

*So says Art Williams, first National League black umpire and "overhustler"*

**by Lee Gutkind**

**44 A Bird's-eye View**

*Her pigeon was bred to win with flying colors and she was sky-high with hope*

**by Jeannette Bruce**

**68 And the Rocket's Red Glare**

*Few can hold a Roman candle to the author in knowing the facts and fancy of fireworks*

**by George Plimpton**

### *The departments*

**15 Scorecard**
**52 Baseball**
**59 Crew**
**60 Olympics**
**64 Boxing**
**81 For the Record**
**82 19th Hole**

*Credits on page 81*

### *Next Week*

*THE ROUSING RED SOX* test their surprising new batting power, and the mettle of the rookie with the halo, Fred Lynn, in a long Fenway series with the Yankees, who have bats and pennant hopes too By Ron Fimrite

*BOY MEETS GIRL* at Belmont in the classiest match race since Nashua beat Swaps in 1955 Jack Mann takes an expert look at the undefeated filly Ruffian and judges how she should do against Derby winner Foolish Pleasure

© 1975 TIME INC ALL RIGHTS RESERVED REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED

# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHIER

George Plimpton has had his share of embarrassments, but only once has he been led away from his stunned dinner guests in handcuffs. The incident occurred one evening after Plimpton, a longtime fireworks buff (*see page 68*), set off some aerial shells following a party for 40 friends—Senator and Mrs. Edward Kennedy among them—at his beachfront home in Amagansett, N.Y. The policeman who came to investigate initially assumed, as Plimpton had, that the writer's fire department authorization entitled him to set off the shells, but later the law officer discovered a special town permit was also required. Although he had never had any trouble before, George was handcuffed (normal police procedure if the officer is alone in the car with the culprit) and driven off to be photographed and fingerprinted. Satisfied that protocol had been duly observed, the authorities lowered the misdemeanor charge to a violation and George was fined $50 and released.



THE END OF A DINNER PARTY

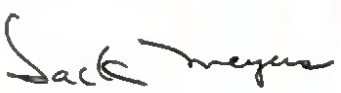
None of this has dampened Plimpton's enthusiasm. He is Fireworks Commissioner of New York City, an unofficial title bestowed upon him by then Mayor John V. Lindsay, and he is trying to put together an international fireworks contest for the bicentennial year. He envisions it as something like team tennis, with each of the countries in the contest putting on an eight- or 10-minute display every evening as they travel around the U.S.

Plimpton sees pyrotechnics as an art form. "A lot of people think fireworks are rather frivolous," he says, "but to me they are creations that can make as much of an impression as a piece of music beautifully orchestrated."

He also believes they are a splendid release for anyone suffering from writer's block. "Setting off a display gives enormous satisfaction," he says. "I've never known a writer who has set off one who didn't crave to set off more." Whether or not the blocks are dissolved, Plimpton isn't sure, but it is not surprising that he knows of writers who have resorted to this particular relief since he confesses to having introduced many of them to it.

George learned how to handle explosives during the war. "I was a demolition expert in the Corps of Engineers, trained to pick up mines in the ground," he says. "Japanese beach mines were my specialty, but to my everlasting relief the Japanese war ended and I was made a tank driver. I was so bad at that that they made me a tank commander. I was a terrible driver. . . . I lost control of a tank in Italy and knocked off the corner of a building. I was almost as destructive in tanks as I was in demolition."

At present Plimpton is in the hospital recovering from gallbladder surgery. He would have been discharged by now had he not postponed the operation in order to take part in the commencement exercises at Bennington College in Vermont. He especially wanted to be there. His role in the ceremonies included supervising an aerial fireworks display—a separate shell fired for each graduating student.






**Sports Illustrated** ®

**Founder:** Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

**Editor-in-Chief:** Hedley Donovan
**Chairman of the Board:** Andrew Heiskell
**President:** James R. Shepley
**Group Vice President, Magazines:** Arthur W. Keylin
**Vice Chairman:** Roy E. Larsen

**Managing Editor:** Roy Terrell
**Executive Editor:** Ray Cave
**Assistant Managing Editors:** John Tibby, Jeremiah Tax, Gilbert Rogin

**Art Director:** Richard Jangel

**Senior Editors:** Walter Bingham, Arthur L. Blawley, Peter Carry, Robert W. Creamer, Barbara La Fontaine, Scot Leavitt, Bob Ottum, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan

**Senior Writers:** Robert H. Boyle, Frank Deford, Ron Fimrite, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Coles Phinizy, Whitney Tower, John Underwood

**Associate Editors:** Roy Blount Jr., Bob Brown, Joseph Carroll, Gay Flood, Joe Jares, Ray Kennedy, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Mark Mulvoy, Pat Putnam, Morton Shapiro, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Weiner

**Staff Writers:** Jeannette Bruce, Jule Campbell, Larry F. Keith, Dan Levin, Barry McDermott, Sarah Pileggi, Ron Reid, Herman Weiskopf

**Director of Photography:** Jerry Cooke

**Production Manager:** Gunter W. Ulrich

**Chief of Research:** Marvin D. Hyman

**Photography:** Thomas Vandelschmidt (ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR), Frank Aleo (ASSISTANT DIRECTOR), Don Delliquanti, Anthony Donna, Barbara Henckel, Carolyn Keith, Manny Millan, Theodore Stephney, Robert W. Taylor

**Staff Photographers:** Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Lane Stewart, Tony Triolo

**Writer-Reporters:** Jim Kaplan, Anita Verschoth, Nancy Wilkenson (Special Projects)

**Senior Reporters:** Christiana Welford (DEPUTY), Julia Lamb, Rose Mary Mechem, Paula Phelps, Denise Rogers, Constance Tubbs

**Reporters:** Rudy Anderson, Michael DelNegro, Mark V. Donovan, Myra Gelband, Kent Hannon, Daphne Hurford, Susan Kemt, Melissa Ludtke, John Papanek, Angel Reyes, Stephanie Salter, D. Alexandra Stathopios

**Art Department:** Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan, Anne Tate (ASSOCIATE), Brendan F. Mulvey (Color Quality), William Bernstein, Pat Meehan, Linda Schwarz, Catherine Smolich

**Copy Desk:** Betty DeMaestri (CHIEF), Iris Herman (DEPUTY), Lawrence Cannistraci, Madeleine Edmondson, Barbara W. Murray, Catherine Ogilvie, Deirdre Randall, Robert H. Williams

**Production:** Wayne Prather (DIRECTOR), Mark Levine, Luis A. Mojales, Kenneth Tomlen

**Administrative Department:** Maureen Harris (CHIEF), Marcella Cortes, Margaret Ann Kurs, Meda Jane Alberse

**Special Contributors:** Robert Cantwell, Clive Gammon, Bil Gilbert, Donald Dale Jackson, Richard W. Johnston, Pat Jordan, Thomas McGuane, Carleton Mitchell, Kenny Moore, Jack Nicklaus, George Plimpton, Jonathan Yardley, PHOTOGRAPHY: Roy De Carava, James Drake, Stephen Green-Armytage, John D. Hanlon, John Iacono, Fred Kaplan, Heinz Kluetmeier, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, Sheedy & Long, John G. Zimmerman

**Special Correspondents:** Eleanore Milosovic (CHIEF), Clem (Cleveland), Al Burt (Miami), Anna Stewart (Albuquerque), LeRoy Bearman (Atlanta), Howard Weaver (Atlanta), Lewis Grizzard (Atlanta), Jimmy Banks (Baltimore), Joe D'Adamo (Baton Rouge), Dan Hardesty (Birmingham), Jimmy Bryan (Boston), Leo Monahan (Buffalo), Dick Johnston (Cincinnati), Guy Shipler Jr. (Charlotte), Ronald Green (Chicago), Ray Sons (Cincinnati), Jim Schottelkotte (Cleveland), Charles Heaton (Columbus), Kaye Kessler (Dallas), Steve Perkins (Denver), Bob Bowie (Des Moines), Bob Asbille (Detroit), Jerry Green (Greensboro), Smith Barrier (Harrisburg), John Travers (Honolulu), Jim Richardson (Houston), Jack Gallagher (Indianapolis), Dick Denny (Jacksonville), Bill Kastelz (Kansas City), Theodore O'Leary (Knoxville), Ben Byrd (Lexington), Ed Ashford (Little Rock), Orville Henry (London), Lavinia Scott Elliot (Los Angeles), Jack Tobin (Louisville), William F. Reed (Memphis), Charles Gillespie (Miami), Glenn Kirchhoff (Milwaukee), Bob Wolf (Minneapolis), Dick Goldon (Montreal), Arthur Siegel (Montreal), Max York (New Haven), Bill Guthrie (New Orleans), Peter Finney (Oklahoma City), Harold Soles (Omaha), Hollis Limprecht (Philadelphia), Gordon Forbes (Phoenix), Frank Gianelli (Pittsburgh), Pat Livingston (Portland), Ken Wheeler (Portland), Dolly Connelly (Providence), John Henion (Raleigh), Bill Brill (Salt Lake City), George Ferguson (San Antonio), John Janes (San Diego), Jack Murphy (San Francisco), Art Rosenbaum (Seattle), Emmett Watson (South Bend), Joe Doyle (Spartanburg), Leslie Timms (St. Louis), Bob McCoy (Syracuse), Bud Vander Veer (Tallahassee), Bill McGrotha (Tampa), Tom McEwen (Toledo), Rex MacLeod (Vancouver), Eric Whitehead (Waco), Dave Campbell (Washington), Marnie Zad

**Time-Life News Service:** Murray J. Gart (DEPUTY), Richard L. Duncan

**Editorial Services:** Paul Welch (Director), Carolyn R. Pappas, Norman Airey, George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil

**Publisher:** John A. Meyers
**General Manager:** Richard W. Angle Jr.
**Associate Publisher:** Philip G. Howlett
**Business Manager:** Robert D. McCoach
**Advertising Sales Director:** William M. Kelly Jr.
**Circulation Director:** S. Christopher Meigher III
**Promotion Director:** Harry C. Rubicam
**Special Events Director:** Keith Morris
**Enterprises:** Richard H. Beahrs

# Esmark is drilling for oil in the North Sea.

# And poultry sales are up, too.

Esmark's wholly owned Vickers Energy is involved in the exploration, production, refining and marketing of petroleum and natural gas. It has 87% ownership of TransOcean Oil, Inc., which is a substantial domestic producer.

TransOcean also has working interests in 422,000 acres in the North Sea, where drilling has just begun. It also holds oil and gas leases on one million acres onshore U.S. and is continuing to search for oil off the Texas and Louisiana coasts in the Gulf of Mexico.

Our refining operations are moving ahead too and we expect to double present capacity by 1976, adding further to our energy complex.

But energy is only one of Esmark's many areas of growth potential.

For example, Swift & Company, our diversified international food complex, is a major processor of food products from beef and beans to pork and poultry. It also produces such well-known consumer items as *Peter Pan Peanut Butter and *Brown 'N Serve Sausage. Swift, with its branded *Butterball Turkey and *Tender-Grown Chicken, is a major element in the retail poultry market.

Estech, Inc., a fully integrated manufacturer of fertilizer for the farm and international markets, also is a significant factor in the rapidly expanding home garden and lawn nutrient market through its well-known *Vigoro line. In addition, it recently broadened its interests in adhesives, dental products, pet foods and specialty chemicals.

And GSI, Inc. has subsidiaries in insurance, data processing, real estate and other business and financial services.

Esmark had record profits for the second quarter and for the first six months of fiscal 1975. Earnings are 12% ahead of last year. If you would like more information about Esmark, please write to:
Financial Relations,
Esmark, Inc.,
55 East Monroe Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60603.

**ESMARK**

*Trademark of Swift & Company

# MOVIETALK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

**YOU HAVE TO SEE 'JAWS' TO BE IN THE SWIM OF THINGS; YOU MAY EAT IT UP**

When they killed the first shark and cut it open to see whether it was the one eating bathers, they found a Louisiana license plate. "Lord," I thought, "I don't want to mess with something that would eat a Louisiana license plate."

But that was nothing. By the time they located the right shark and killed it, thereby saving the tourist trade of the New England town off whose shore it had been chomping, it had eaten four extras, a boathook, an aqualung tank, two considerable lengths of thick rope and Robert Shaw. I never believed anything would eat Robert Shaw.

It happens in *Jaws*, the new movie directed by Steven Spielberg and starring two rows of teeth "as big as shot glasses." I was going to take notes in the theater but all I recorded was a quote from the Shaw character. " . . dead eyes. When he comes at you, he don't seem to be living. Until he bites you." When the lights came on and I looked down, my ballpoint pen had been bitten in two. I don't know whether I did it, or the lady sitting next to me. It couldn't have been the shark, which wouldn't have left anything except my leg. There is a very realistic leg turning slowly, slowly in the water, with a sneaker on it, after one of the shark's attacks. But the best thing is the face in the bottom of the boat which is all that is . . no, I won't spoil it for you.

I have long been wary of sharks. Once I was in a small boat with one that was maybe 30 inches long, and I was never so glad to see anything as that fish finish whipping three people and snarling their rigs into one big tangle and managing to leap out of the boat. The shark in *Jaws* is 24 feet long. And, yes, it is a better actor than the whale in *Moby Dick*. It is also smoother moving, if less engaging, than King Kong.

And I bought it. The novel *Jaws* was so ungripping between shark scenes that I never even read all the shark scenes, and the more advance press I saw about the movie makers' trials with their midget and their plastic shark, the more I prepared to scoff. And indeed Shaw's performance, as the crazy grizzled fisherman Quint, is the only human one that amounts to much, and even Quint is what you might call farfetched (the other major roles are Richard Dreyfuss playing a marine biologist and Roy Scheider a chief of police). Still, *Jaws* provides a brisk dose of gasps and shudders. It may not fill you with as much stark raving horror as you hope it will after all the reviews, but I think it will keep you bolt upright. Good exercise.

As to whether you ought to stop going out in the surf after this, well, you didn't stop prospecting for gold after *Treasure of Sierra Madre* did you? Let's keep things in perspective. *Jaws* is not as good a movie as that one, because the shark is not as interesting a character as Fred C. Dobbs or as frightening as Alfonso Bedoya, the "we don't need no stinking badges" bandit chief. The shark makes your skin want to run off and leave you, not crawl, and those dead eyes don't stay with you very long.

But I'll say this. Spielberg has announced he is going to make "a comedy where people will laugh so much that they'll begin to throw up all over each other." If he essays this film and you go to it, wear old clothes. END


Titleist, Blue Max, Royal + 6, Wilson LD, Maxfli, Titleist DT –

Where are you?

For several months now, Top-Flite has been challenging the other leading balls to a distance test using golfers like yourself. We're even putting $250,000 winner-take-all behind that challenge. Top-Flite already won a test like this by up to 13 yards. Which probably explains why none of the other balls has dared to show up.



# How a high school junior can get an early start on a college scholarship.

If you're a high school junior, and if you apply now, you'll have two chances to win a four-year Army ROTC scholarship good at 287 colleges and universities throughout the country. And you may win one while you're still in high school.

Here's how it works. Submit your completed application before September 1, and you may be the winner of one of 300 initial scholarships to be announced October 15.

If for some reason you don't win one of the first 300 scholarships, you still have a second chance. Because your application is automatically reviewed again by a different selection board that has no knowledge of your prior consideration. This gives you an opportunity to win one of about 700 additional scholarships to be awarded in April.

And an Army ROTC scholarship pays for your tuition, books, and lab fees, and $100 a month for up to ten months of each school year. When you graduate, you'll receive your college degree along with your commission as an Army officer.

It can lead to a big future, but it depends on what you do now. You'll have to act quickly. First, mail the coupon for your application forms and more detailed information. Then, see your guidance counselor right away to register for the necessary SAT and ACT tests.



**Army ROTC**
P.O. Box 12703
Philadelphia, PA 19134

Please send me more information, and an application form for an Army ROTC Scholarship.

Ms.
Mr. _____

Address _____

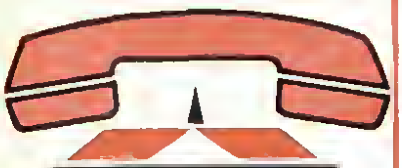
City _____ County _____ Age ____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

High School Attending _____

Graduation Date _____ SPI 5-06-30

NOW!
800-654-2000



HOWARD JOHNSON'S
MOTOR LODGES

Now our Toll Free number covers reservations at more than 500 Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges across the country.

**Plus kids under 18 Free**

With our Family Plan at most lodges, kids now stay free in your room.

*The Flavor of America*

**Pick up a People weekly today!**

It's the lively new magazine from Time Incorporated. On sale wherever you buy magazines.

# BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

## SOME CHESTNUTS ABOUT THROWING WALNUTS AND CRACKING GOOD TALES

One finishes *Fast Company* (Harper's Magazine Press, $7.95) with the curious feeling of having read of Paleolithic times, not of the recent past and present, as is the case. Jon Bradshaw's very precise and wonderfully engaging account of the lives of six successful gamesmen tells of an era, of people and places, of an environment (the gamblers' favorite word) that seems to have been buried under the lava of Las Vegas casinery and midnight Buddy Hackett (!!!) revues. The book, necessarily, must keep returning to that dreadful desert mausoleum, and by the end we learn that there is no more fast company, that high-roller gambling today runs with the verve and pace of a charter-bus tour. I expect that the World Series of Poker, the creation of some Vegas slot-machine hotel, will soon be awarding expansion franchises and having its league standings published alongside those of the American Basketball Association and World Team Tennis.

So it is really quite incidental that five of the six principals—Pug Pearson, Bobby Riggs, Minnesota Fats, Tim Holland and Johnny Moss—are still alive and kicking in 1975 (Titanic Thompson died last year). It is only their reveries that count. Indeed, when Bradshaw brings them up to date, they become pedestrian sorts, tedious in some cases. The mere fact that so many of these characters are well known tells us what a pretty pass things have come to. *Celebrity Hustling* on CBS? Minnesota Fats, who comes across as a pitiful blowhard, changed his name from New York Fats to conform with Hollywood's version. The World Series of Poker participants await calls from *The Johnny Carson Show*. That Bradshaw was able to give us anything but *déjà vu* on Bobby Riggs is a substantial feat.

But what tall tales, what high stakes, what dandy times they had playing their games back when they were merely notorious and not celebrities. They did not gamble, you understand; it was the other fellows who gambled. They always played knowing they had the edge in cards, golf, pool, backgammon, bowling, throwing walnuts over five-story buildings, whatever. Bradshaw takes his principals just seriously enough, giving them plenty of room to move around, and enough rope, too. He has handed us a saucy slice of Americana and preserved it for us, which is important, because otherwise people might grow up thinking everybody competed only when there was playoff money and that Jimmy the Greek invented odds.

Finally, mercifully, this is one book not to be judged by its cover. It is a shame that Bradshaw, who writes so well, should have his words wrapped in a jacket that does its dreary, confusing best to suggest that *Fast Company* is some kind of a how-to manual on gambling. It isn't; it's a what-was, and it's fun to be told one last good time.

## JAMES BOND KNEW THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE BUT DEUCED LITTLE ABOUT BRIDGE

by WALTER BINGHAM

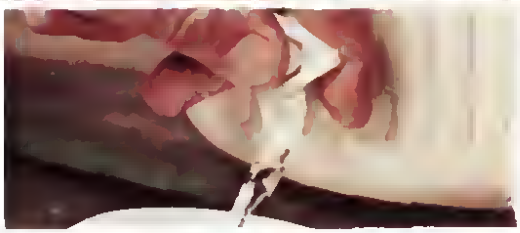
*Grand Slam* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $7.50) is a collection of 13 stories about bridge and it should prove entertaining even if you don't know a finesse from a revoke. Many of the authors are renowned—George S. Kaufman, Somerset Maugham, Ring Lardner—and for the most part theirs are simply stories that touch on the game. A few others provide hardcore stuff: the old master who makes three straight impossible hands; the dizzy wife who does it wrong but turns out right. A number of the tales involve cheating, which is in vogue these days: a shipboard shark; a fake prince with a transmitter in his shoe; a husband-wife team; even James Bond.

The best of the stories is Sally Benson's vignette of a mild-mannered invalid who becomes healthy and boisterous as the cards turn his way. Stephen White apes Wodehouse successfully; of a blossoming love affair, he writes, "Under his tutelage, Lucy was losing her weakness in squeezes and endplays, and her opening leads had become things of beauty. . . . I was with them when Harold first asked for her hand: she passed it to him. . . ."

Surprisingly, the worst bridge player in the book is Bond. Playing with M in a heavy money game against a scoundrel named Drax, Bond picks up seven top spades, the ace of hearts, and the ace-king of diamonds. Even the dizzy wife would investigate the slam possibilities, but Bond blurts out four spades and that is where the hand is played.

Finally, Bond deals Drax a stacked hand and readers with a knowledge of bridge history will shudder. It is a version of the famous Duke of Cumberland hand in which the Duke (Drax in this case) is dealt: Spades A K Q J, Hearts A K Q J, Diamonds A K, Clubs K J 9. He is shocked to hear his left-hand opponent (Bond) bid seven clubs, naturally doubles and is shocked again to hear a redouble. Of course, he winds up taking no tricks with his magnificent hand. Bond has nothing but diamonds and clubs, his dummy no diamonds and a bunch of clubs. Two diamond ruffs set up the suit and each time Bond finesses Drax's clubs. The hand is such an old saw that a believable Drax would have thrown it in Bond's face, or if Bond insisted on playing it, would have bid seven spades, going down only one. You can work it out when you get the book. END





Fast-Flo faucet can empty jug in seconds

Coleman

WICHITA, KANSAS

Ten quart up to eighty quart capacity



# Coleman Coolers and Jugs: 16 colorful ways to make the ice outlast the outing.

Before you put your money (and your meals) into a cooler, look into Coleman. That's where the value is.

A cooler's not worth the price of the ice if it can't hold onto the cold. That's why all Coleman coolers and jugs are made with Polyurethane insulation... the same kind you find in a $600 refrigerator.

Coleman's rugged line-up of Poly-Lite® *plastic* coolers features six lightweight, heavy-duty models (from 10 to 75 quarts) including the new Roundabout... 'the cooler that's a jug that's a cooler.'

And a Coleman Snow-Lite® *metal* cooler is still the closest thing to a refrigerator ever opened to the great outdoors. Six 28 to 80 quart models... with a tough plastic base that won't rust or corrode even on salt-water outings.

If you like your butter in patties instead of puddles, and drinks that keep their cool, put your money (and your meals) into Coleman.

75

The Greatest Name in the Great Outdoors.®
Lanterns, stoves, coolers, jugs, heaters, tents and sleeping bags.

## Just ask someone who has one.

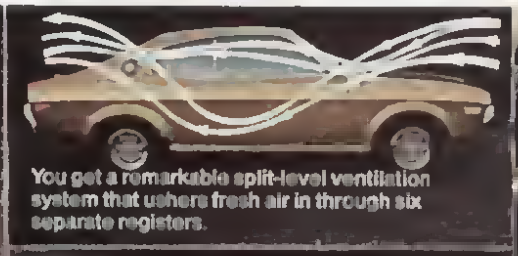

Come to
Marlboro
Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health


Country.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

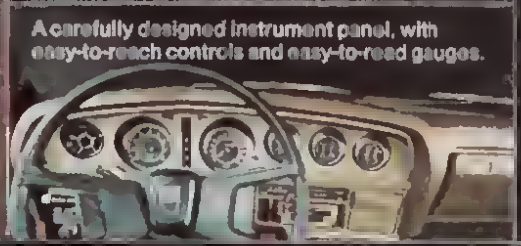
# Mazda's rotary engine is guaranteed for as long as Rolls-Royce's engine. Imagine what the rest of the car is like.



The Mazda rotary-engine warranty states that the basic engine block and internal parts will be free of defects, with normal use and prescribed maintenance, for 50,000 miles or 3 years, whichever occurs first, or Mazda will fix it free. This non-transferable warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the continental United States.



You get a remarkable split-level ventilation system that ushers fresh air in through six separate registers.



A carefully designed instrument panel, with easy-to-reach controls and easy-to-read gauges.



One convenient lever controls six different functions. Turn signals, high/low beam, lane-changing and passing signals windshield washers and wipers



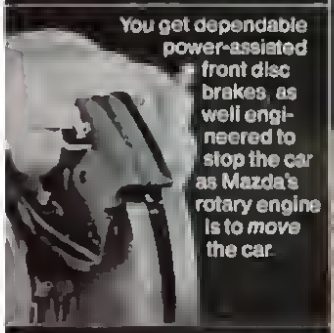
Every rotary-engine Mazda comes with a tachometer to gauge the speed of the engine



This is it, this is THE luxury car in the $4,000 class. The Mazda RX-4. It makes you wonder if any other car in its class, is in its class.



Mazda offers a smooth, quiet, responsive automatic transmission.



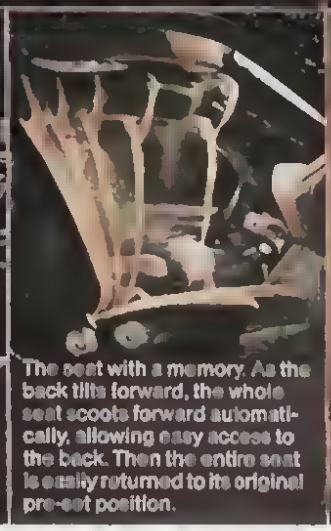
You get dependable power-assisted front disc brakes, as well engineered to stop the car as Mazda's rotary engine is to *move* the car.



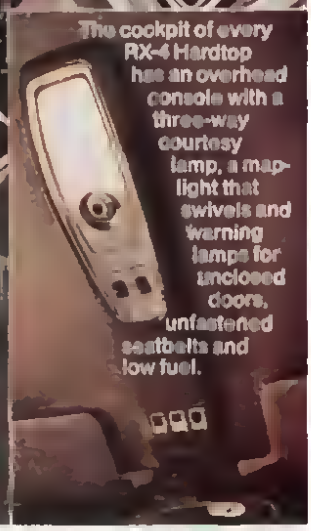
Every rotary-engine Mazda comes with fuel-saving radial tires.



Seats specially designed for support and shape, covered with soft vinyl or lush velour.



The seat with a memory. As the back tilts forward, the whole seat scoots forward automatically, allowing easy access to the back. Then the entire seat is easily returned to its original pre-set position.



The cockpit of every RX-4 Hardtop has an overhead console with a three-way courtesy lamp, a map-light that swivels and warning lamps for unclosed doors, unfastened seatbelts and low fuel.

## Tough engine. Tough car.

MAZDA

# SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

### STARS AND GRIPES

Many Americans have long suspected that if we had to do it all over again this country never would gain independence, and new support for that thesis is at hand. Back on May 31 rider Jerry Linker set out from Charlotte, N.C. on a special bicentennial mission. He and his Arabian stallion Sharek would reenact the colonial ride of Captain James Jack, the horseman who carried the Mecklenburg County Declaration of Independence to North Carolina's delegation at the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. The trip, just like in the old days, would take 30 days.

And then came Culpepper, Va. Hardly had Linker and his horse bedded down there for the night when County Humane Agent Doris K. Ireland sent the sheriff to charge Linker, under a venerable Virginia law, with overriding a horse. "The horse had saddle sores, was exhausted and his ribs were showing," said Ireland, impounding the animal. Word of this action got back to the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Bicentennial Commission, sponsors of the ride. Ralph Jarrells, a spokesman for that body, said that a veterinarian examined the horse and found Mrs. Ireland's claims somewhat exaggerated.

While they were attempting to unsnarl this red tape, Linker borrowed another horse from a nearby farm, this time an Appaloosa, and set out again on his historic journey. The way things are going, by the time he gets to Philly—if he ever gets there—he'll find that the Congress has adjourned.

### THIN ICE

Just about the last thing the government needs is a hockey team, which is hardly the sort of asset that can be stashed away with the gold at Fort Knox. But NHL officials were glumly facing that prospect last week with the dead-broke Pittsburgh Penguins. Not long after the Internal Revenue Service padlocked the Penguin office and put a lien on the club for some $500,000 in unpaid taxes, banks foreclosed on more than $5 million in loans. As if that weren't enough, the club also owes the NHL more than $1 million, and League President Clarence Campbell allowed, "I'm afraid we are going to share the fate of most general creditors."

Since the Penguins' only assets are the players, most of whom have expensive, long-term contracts, one Pittsburgh official admitted, "It looks like the United States may now own a hockey team."

This is only the latest in a series of calamities for the NHL. The league lost about $11 million in the last few years in supporting the California Seals, and is in no position to bail out the Penguins. Not even half the 18 teams broke even last year, and the crunch is so bad that the NHL has permitted several ailing expansion clubs to delay their annual $850,000 franchise installment payments. "We are full of good sentiments," said Campbell, "but we're fresh out of money."

### LEAVE NO STONE UNTAXED

Right now it is more ripple than ground swell, but a brand-new spread-the-taxes movement is under way on Capitol Hill, provoking what legislators like to call "a lively discussion." The proposal is to tax nonhunting and nonfishing users of public wildlife lands, the better to raise funds to protect and expand these areas, and it comes from the Wildlife Management Institute, a nonprofit conservation group. The Institute says that there has been a marked trend in recent years toward greater use of state and federal recreational lands by such folks as bird watchers and photographers (more than 12 million participate in these two activities), and skiers and campers.

Most of the financial burden now rests upon hunters and anglers, who are taxed on guns, ammunition and fishing gear. Also, an estimated 42 million Americans shell out some $240 million a year for state hunting and fishing licenses. These moneys, with matching U.S. funds, maintain the great outdoors. The Institute suggests that "all who enjoy wildlife share more equitably in paying for the protection of badly needed wildlife habitat."

Among potential revenue sources, the Institute cites federal excise taxes on recreational vehicles, tents, sleeping bags, lanterns, skis, wild-bird seed, scuba gear, binoculars, cameras and film. The tax take of from 1% to 10% on these items could yield as much as $149.6 million annually and easily fund a $40 million matching grant-in-aid, nongame wildlife habitat program, says the Institute. Other possible sources include strip-mining royalty fees, zoo admissions, nonreturnable bottles, public-land building permits, recreational stamps to be issued in the absence of hunting or fishing permits and a surcharge on public-land timber sales. Maybe even a $1 checkoff on federal and state income taxes.

### WHAT SILVER LINING?

Perhaps this story shouldn't be written but played on a Gypsy violin, accompanied by background sobbing. Enter the Triadelphia High School baseball team, ready for the West Virginia state tournament at Huntington, 250 miles from its home in Wheeling. Action starts. The Triads are leading Greenbrier East 2–1 in the second inning when a rainstorm stops the game. It is rescheduled for the next day—and rained out. The Triads return to Wheeling; the game is reset for a week later at Charleston, 250 miles away. The Triads show up, and win 2–1. Next day they triumph again, 5–1, over tourney favorite Logan High, and the title




*continued*

game with Parkersburg South is set for the same evening. It rains again.

Officials reschedule the game for the following night, but switch it to Parkersburg's home field, some 110 miles away from Wheeling. The Triads go home, then drive to Parkersburg. They arrive at the field just in time to sit on the bench and watch it rain. Home again to Wheeling, where the boosters' club decides to replenish the team's fast-vanishing funds by staging an outdoor benefit steak fry. It pours. Four days later the Triads return to Parkersburg, take the field—and lose 1–0 before the biggest prep baseball crowd in West Virginia history. But that's not all.

Stuck with all those steaks still on ice, the hometown boosters now decide they'll toss a testimonial dinner the very next night to console the team. Outdoors, naturally. And it rains again, the biggest storm of them all. As the saga sinks slowly in the mud, here is Triad Coach Dick Moore back at school, ready to clean out his desk for vacation. Wrong. He has missed so many teaching days trekking around with the team, says the principal, that Moore will have to make up time. He does it, of course. Misses a special golf date, too. And the sun shines all day long.

### WATERY CONVERSION

Lest one think that it only rains in West Virginia, consider the Delaware Open track meet in Wilmington, which had decided to face up to the coming metric era by staging the first metric events in its 24-year history. The meet was called off because of a violent thunderstorm. Mathematicians figure it rained *5.08 cm* in one hour.

### SOAK THE RICH

And for a final wet flourish: never mind the big Pennsylvania lottery drawing, said William R. Tronzo, he had a Little League game to coach that night, and didn't want to miss it. But it wasn't his lucky night: the game was called because of rain in the third, when his Beaver Falls team was ahead 2–1. So Tronzo went home to find that the lottery had been drawn and he had won $1 million.

### SIC TRANSIT THE WORKS

The teams were in training and all was set for the annual Canadian Football League All-Star game in Montreal. That metropolis of 2½ million is being touted as an NFL city, despite xenophobic pressure against it, and the game—between the Grey Cup champion Alouettes and a lineup from eight other CFL teams—would serve to prove its expansion potential. Canadian officials expected a big turnout but figured that a gate of even 15,000 would allow them to break even. And then they counted the advance sales: only 2,200 tickets had been sold. Game, and possible NFL status, called on account of indifference.

### ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

The secret of his racing longevity was in his recuperative powers, Jockey Robert L. Baird told *The Louisville Times*. The day after the interview appeared in the paper the 54-year-old Baird, whose career list of broken bones rivals Evel Knievel's, mounted up for the first race at Churchill Downs. His horse surged into second place, then fell, spilling Baird and breaking two of his ribs. For the record, the horse's name was Amazing Safety.

### SLOTH CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

Armchair athletes the world over will be cheered to learn that getting in top physical shape has its perils. In fact, two doctors who know a lot about such things say that an athlete who falls into the wrong medical hands can be in trouble. Peak condition brings what might appear to be abnormal physiological and metabolic results, report Dr. George A. Sheehan, known as the Running Physician of Red Bank, N.J., and Dr. Joan L. Ullyot, director of Aerobics and Physiology at San Francisco's Institute of Health Research. Thus many athletes show abnormal ECG readings, meaning, by rough translation, that their hearts register unusual electrical patterns, rhythms or enlargement. This ostensible problem has benched basketball players and might have sidelined Wilt Chamberlain if his physician had been a cardiologist, said Dr. Sheehan. He cited other cases of doctors sounding misguided alarms and noted, "The only danger in an athletic heart is in going to a doctor."

Dr. Ullyot went even further at a recent symposium on sports medicine, declaring that the medical profession "has no idea of normality or health because all 'normality' is based on sick people." She, too, recounted instances of athletes being warned that they were "very sick" and in danger of a heart attack, and recalled that she once rescued a top distance runner from three weeks of unnecessary hospitalization by telling his doctor that "all runners have these abnormalities."

"Despite the fact that 70 to 90 is considered a normal pulse rate, in runners we have yet to find one over 60, and more likely they are in the 40s," Dr. Ullyot asserted. "A good long-distance runner should wear a dog tag saying that his pulse rate is 30 to 40 and that his ECG is bizarre," she suggested. "Otherwise, if he is sent to a hospital for any reason, he might end up in a coronary care unit."

Better yet, one can avoid all these scary possibilities by maintaining, say, average good shape and seeing one's doctor once a year. Walk, don't run.

### RAMBLING WRECKS

It all started when the Manzanita Speedway at Phoenix introduced what it calls a "street stocker" class to spice up its racing programs. The cars are usually tattered and torn, and no frills like window glass or chrome trim are allowed. The drivers merely add seat belts, don crash helmets and roar into action.

Hard by the speedway a gentleman named Dave Boatwright operates a car junkyard—and if ever there was a sporting opportunity, this was it. Boatwright launched his own rent-them-and-wreck-them scheme: for $25 plus the price of gas, anyone may have the fun of racing a Boatwright car. The owner doesn't mind at all if the driver trashes the vehicle, he sweeps up the pieces and uses the parts. "Look at it this way," says Boatwright. "A guy who puts $300 into his own car and then wrecks it the first night is out the whole pot. If I can take a car worth $15 and get $25 out of it, I'm ahead. One car, I got almost $300 back on already."

Covering all angles, Boatwright has added one stipulation: rent one of his racers and he gets to keep all the winnings. No problem. So far there haven't been any winnings.

### THEY SAID IT

- Alex Wheaden, a national fencing champion in the under-16 class: "I love winning medals, and I like to see people see me getting awards."
- Danny Cater, late of the St. Louis Cardinals, on his club's flurry of player deals: "So many guys come and go here that if we won the pennant, our shares would be $50 apiece." **END**



# There's nobody else like them.

Your husband and your kids. The people most important to you. And if your family's like a lot of families today, both you and your husband are working. Working for a better lifestyle. That could mean a new home or vacation, or college educations for your children.

So does it really make sense to have just your husband's life insured? Especially if you're basing your budget, your lifestyle and your future financial plans on two incomes.

So talk it over. With your husband. And with an Equitable Agent.

He, or she, is trained to help, to think of your individual life insurance needs as being different from anybody else's.

Because your needs are different. And your Equitable Agent knows there's nobody else like you.

**THE EQUITABLE**
**There's nobody else like you.**

**Sports Illustrated**
JUNE 30, 1975

# IT WAS MADNESS AT MEDINAH

*While a horde of celebrated contenders struggled as if in straitjackets, imperturbable Lou Graham found the key that locked up a crazy U.S. Open*

by DAN JENKINS

From the beginning it was a golf tournament that begged to be forgotten, one that was called everything from the Sauna Bath Classic to the Lost Ego Invitational, so it was probably appropriate that last Monday, on still another steamy afternoon in Chicago, a rather invisible journeyman professional named Lou Graham finally brought this U.S. Open championship to a merciful conclusion. Being the last human being alive out there on the damp, insufferably humid premises of the Medinah Country Club with all of its inconvenient forests, Graham became the Open winner by beating young John Mahaffey in an 18-hole playoff, doing it with the nonchalance and lack of bother that had accompanied his performance throughout the week. The best thing about Graham winning is that whenever he captures a tournament, as he has twice before, it gets canceled. And if the U.S Open is now going to turn into the kind of event that was on display at Medinah, it might be better remembered as a relic of the past.

There can be no doubt that the main reason a Lou Graham and a John Mahaffey got into the playoff in the first place, after tying over the regulation 72 holes with the uninspired three-over-par total of 287, is that, if nothing else, they are straight hitters off the tee. Graham has a kind of flippy swing and just keeps hitting low shots out there a safe distance, never very far off line, except on rare occasions when he happens to remember he is in an Open. And Mahaffey, while being a slightly more stylish swinger, is nonetheless one of the PGA tour's most accurate hitters.

In the Monday confrontation they each played exactly as they had during the previous four rounds. Steady, unspectacular golf. Down the fairway, on the green. After three holes they were tied at one over. Graham then made two straight birdies and after four routine holes he made another. So with eight holes to play he had a three-shot lead and it was only a question of whether he could keep forgetting this was the Open, because Mahaffey wasn't making any putts. He had not made any all week.

With a minimum of drama, Graham did exactly what he needed to do. Oh, he staggered a bit with a couple of bogeys on the last five holes, but he was headed for an even par 71, and Mahaffey could do no better than a 73.

Graham is what you would call a "good old country boy" from Nashville. At 37, and after 12 years on the tour, he had won only a thing in Minnesota and a Liggett & Myers Open nobody saw, and both have since disappeared.

Mahaffey, by contrast, is one of the tour's young turks who is going to be around a long time. He's a University of Houston guy, an NCAA champion, a kid who swept out the shop for Jimmy Demaret and Jack Burke at Champions, and he has played in skin games with Ben Hogan and a few rich oilmen—and won. He is known as the "waggle leader" on the tee, and he's a good mimic of the other players. Not that there was much to mimic at Medinah.

"This course was never as difficult as the scores looked," Mahaffey said. "I agree with everybody who said it was the easiest Open in history to have won. At least 10 guys could have won it by five shots if they'd played golf."

But in the end, as the pack of contenders—most notably Jack Nicklaus, Frank Beard, Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw—collapsed, only Mahaffey and Lou Graham played golf at Medinah.

Why?

In many ways it is fun to watch a group of 18-handicappers play a $100 Nassau, as much fun as there is in the annoying game of golf. You can laugh as they work their hooks around and through the trees, hot-line their sand shots into access roads and get headaches limping after their putts, which slide onward and downward away from the cup, or pull up woefully short. But to have witnessed

*continued*

*Graham did not let Medineh's hazards hold him for too long, but Mahaffey would heve trappad him had one more Sunday putt fallen.*





*A Nicklaus missed putt followed by a Nicklaus grimace sum up the Nicklaus week.*



it in the U.S. Open from a collection of the world's finest shotmakers on a course that should never—never, ever—have been that difficult was an experience not soon to be forgotten.

One reason for all the bumbling was that the event *was* the Open, which always tightens the throat and causes awkward and uncharacteristic things to happen, even occasionally to a Jack Nicklaus. But many of the stars who were so humiliated by Medinah last week have participated in scads of Opens that were held on tougher courses, Opens in which they performed well, if not brilliantly. So that alone was not the answer.

All right, then, let's consider the fact that Medinah was a tight driving course, with those 4,000 or so trees out there on the outskirts of Chicago. Fine. It was narrow, which is one reason a couple of the tour's straightest hitters wriggled their way into that playoff. But there have been tighter fairways in the Open, such as those at Oakland Hills in 1961, or those that some veterans have seen at Olympic and Merion and Southern Hills. Not only have there been narrower Open courses, but they have played "fast," as the pros say, meaning the ball would race through the target areas and into a deeper, more menacing rough than Medinah had.

One can only wonder what this distressed field of 1975, which developed a simultaneous case of the yanks and yips, would have scored had Medinah played as hard as it might have without the rains early in the week that softened the greens and made it, by everyone's admission, much easier. The softness made it possible for many a player to scramble his way to a par, or a bogey. With the greens holding just about anything golfers threw at them, a guy could put his tee shot off in the groves, chip out to the fairway, and then stick a rescue shot up there and make his putt and go on to the next tee. Ho hum, another routine four. On the normal Open premises he would have been struggling simply to stay alive.

Nobody even suggested that Medinah was anything but fair and inviting. Nicklaus called it the "easiest" Open course he could remember playing, but he played poorly nearly all the way through the four rounds except for that one steady surge that put him into contention on Sunday. Even then he saved his poorest play for the moments immediately thereafter when he could easily have won. Namely the last three holes, when Sam Sausage could have spotted him two-up and won Golden Bear, Inc.

So what did it all mean? If the course wasn't that much of a monster, why did the game's best players provide the record crowds of Medinah and millions more watching television some of the most atrocious exhibitions of non-golf within anyone's memory?

Over and over, a competitor of grand repute would step up on a tee, remove some sort of club from his bag and hit some kind of shot that would look as if it was doing stunts in the air. The high, disappearing hook became a trademark for Nicklaus, and it was that all along for the scrambling but competitive Crenshaw. The irretrievable slice or shove became a nightmare for Watson, who had dominated the play for two days with rounds of 67 and 68, tying the 36-hole Open record. When Beard took command after a 67 on Saturday, he quickly reverted back to his old ways of hooking everything down to the putter. As Beard gradually let his game erode on Sunday, his old friends were reminded of what he always said of himself: "My fade only hooks 20 yards."

The plain fact of the matter is that last week at Medinah all the best players, the favorites, played pretty awful, and the guys who stayed in contention, including the two who managed to give the Open its 26th playoff in 75 years, shot just about what they normally might have been expected to shoot.

Johnny Miller, for example, was never the remotest factor in the tournament. Gary Player's name was never mentioned. Lee Trevino's was for a couple of days, but on Saturday, when he and Nicklaus needed to make a move, they calmly went out there and made 15 bogeys between them on an ideal day for scoring. Trevino managed to do even worse on Sunday, when he shot 79.

Saturday was the day the tournament had the youthful glamour of a Watson-Crenshaw pairing, with 25-year-old Watson holding a lead and supposedly having cured himself of blowing tournaments as he had so often in the past. And here was 23-year-old Crenshaw, back from a terrible slump. The wave of the future. Terrific.

What they did in 18 holes was to make one birdie between them as Watson fumbled it away again with a 78 and Crenshaw shot 76. Watson almost four-putted the first green from about 20 feet as his knees buckled, and Crenshaw hit his occasional "looking for Jane" drive, meaning that he sometimes drives into



Tarzan's part of the jungle. Later that night, when Crenshaw was asked if he and Watson had much to say to each other during the round, Ben laughed.

"We never saw each other," he said.

This was the day when Beard rose from the grave with that 67 to move past nine players in the field and pick up 11 strokes on Watson, taking a three-stroke lead.

"This course isn't that hard," Beard said. "Being where I am with a 67 is the greatest ripoff since Riggs and King."

Let us now ponder the various ways this Open was lost by so many people on Sunday. For Beard it can be said that he simply let it slide slowly away because his confidence left him. Being a negative thinker anyway, Beard just sort of strolled along, looking at every shot and putt as if to say, "It figures."

Watson will have a harder time living with his performances of Saturday and Sunday, especially since they follow so many others of the past, the sort of thing he is supposed to be overcoming by now. Watson is from Stanford. Perhaps he thinks too much.

Crenshaw was far from as upset as one might have thought him to be. He was tied for the lead over much of the back nine, and he was in fact hitting the ball better than he had on the previous days. Finally, after a long wait on the 17th tee, he hit a two-iron not quite hard enough to clear the water on Medinah's postcard hole. The result was a killer double bogey on a hole he had played perfectly for three rounds.

*En route to ruin, Beard hits a second shot to the second hole, the first having splashed.*



*Crenshaw buries his face in his hands after his watery disaster at the 17th buried him.*

"I can't complain," Ben said. "I got away with murder for a couple of days. I had a super putting week. It was really great to be in there and find out what it's like."

As for Pat Fitzsimons, or Peter Oosterhuis, or any of those other people who perhaps had fleeting thoughts of winning, they went the way that most players go in the Open who wear wrinkled pants and appear to have their wallets in their hip pockets, as Fitzsimons did, or who stand 6'5" and look silly in a cap, as Oosterhuis did.

The most truly amazing thing of all is how the field began to come crawling out of the woods and creeping back. Hale Irwin, the defending champion, and Bob Murphy finished early with four-over-par 288s, well off the lead, yet eventually missed the playoff by only one stroke. Even more amazing was how Nicklaus, with the leaders all but handing him the Open—with the entire city trying to give it to him—played the final three holes. Nicklaus was two under par for the day, working on a 69, when he went to the 16th tee. He was also one stroke off the pace, but, as everyone figured, a finish of par-par-par would win him his fourth Open as surely as there was a Shriner in Medinah's membership.

Probably not even Graham or Mahaffey would have bet against Jack at this point. But what Nicklaus did was hit as glorious a hook from the 16th tee as anyone is humanly capable of hitting. He bogeyed that one. Then he went to the 17th and put an iron over the green, right of the hole. It did not look all that bad, if he could pull off a decent chip shot. A chip? Nicklaus? Who was kidding whom? He didn't get it on the green, and when he finally did, he had to sink a 20-foot putt just to make a bogey.

Now then, as bad off as Nicklaus was, things were getting worse behind him, and had he somehow been able to birdie the 18th he would have wound up in a tie. But just to cap off this splendid display, Jack hooked his drive on 18, hit his second into a bunker, and then played an uninspired sand shot and missed the putt, finishing up with the hat trick. His final score was 289, two strokes behind Graham and Mahaffey, one behind Crenshaw, Beard, Murphy and Irwin, and one stroke ahead of Watson.



"The soft course in the first two rounds forced me to hit shots I don't like to hit," Jack said. "I thought I'd play well on Saturday, but I didn't. I was going with a sort of artificial swing, because I have to hit so many right-to-left shots on this course. What happened on the last three holes? I think you can say the artificial swing caught up with me."

One of the more astonishing things about the finish is that the last two hours of the tournament proper produced only one birdie. This was a putt that Graham managed to squeeze into the cup out on the 14th hole. That against a score of bogeys.

After all of the gory things that went on during the final round, the 1975 Open ended up like so many old-fashioned Opens did, with one guy—Mahaffey waiting around the clubhouse to see if anybody could stay alive long enough to tie him. And it took another guy, Graham, to make a bogey to do it.

Some folks thought it might have provided the most Open thrills since 1899, when Willie Smith won by 11 with a closing 77. **END**

# HIGH, FAST AND VERY UPSETTING

*Strenge things kept heppening et the AAU treck end field champlonships lest week in Oregon. The wrong people set records, champions lost, new feces emerged end at least one hero ate e perfectly ewful lunch* **by RON REID**



Shortly before the start of the 800-meter final at the AAU track and field championships last weekend in Eugene, Ore., the veteran intermediate hurdler Ralph Mann was counseling a promising young half-miler from Utah State named Mark Enyeart. "With a little weight work and a couple of years' maturity," the 26-year-old Mann told the 21-year-old Enyeart, "you're going to be running really well. But right now don't expect any miracles."

Thus advised, Enyeart, a converted quarter-miler who moved up to the longer distance only this spring, pulled off the miracle of the two-day meet by outrunning the supposedly unbeatable Rick Wohlhuter from start to finish to hand the defending champion his first defeat at 800 meters or 880 yards in two years. Wohlhuter had won the AAU title in 1973 and 1974 and is the current world-record holder in the half mile (1:44.1).

Starting from the extreme outside lane, Enyeart whipped around the first turn and took a solid hold on the lead as the field entered the backstretch. Wohlhuter, who had not trained for the race as well as he would have liked, moved up quickly into second place and dogged Enyeart the rest of the way. Everyone expected the long-striding master to bolt past the rookie in the stretch, but with a remarkable demonstration of poise and courage Enyeart maintained his form, held off Wohlhuter and won by two yards in a fine 1:44.87, his career best.

Enyeart really had no business beating Wohlhuter, but in two days of competition at the University of Oregon's famous Hayward Field the unexpected became commonplace. Who would have guessed that high jumper Dwight Stones,

*Up where Dwight Stones is supposed to be, new champ Tom Woods tries a record 7' 7".*

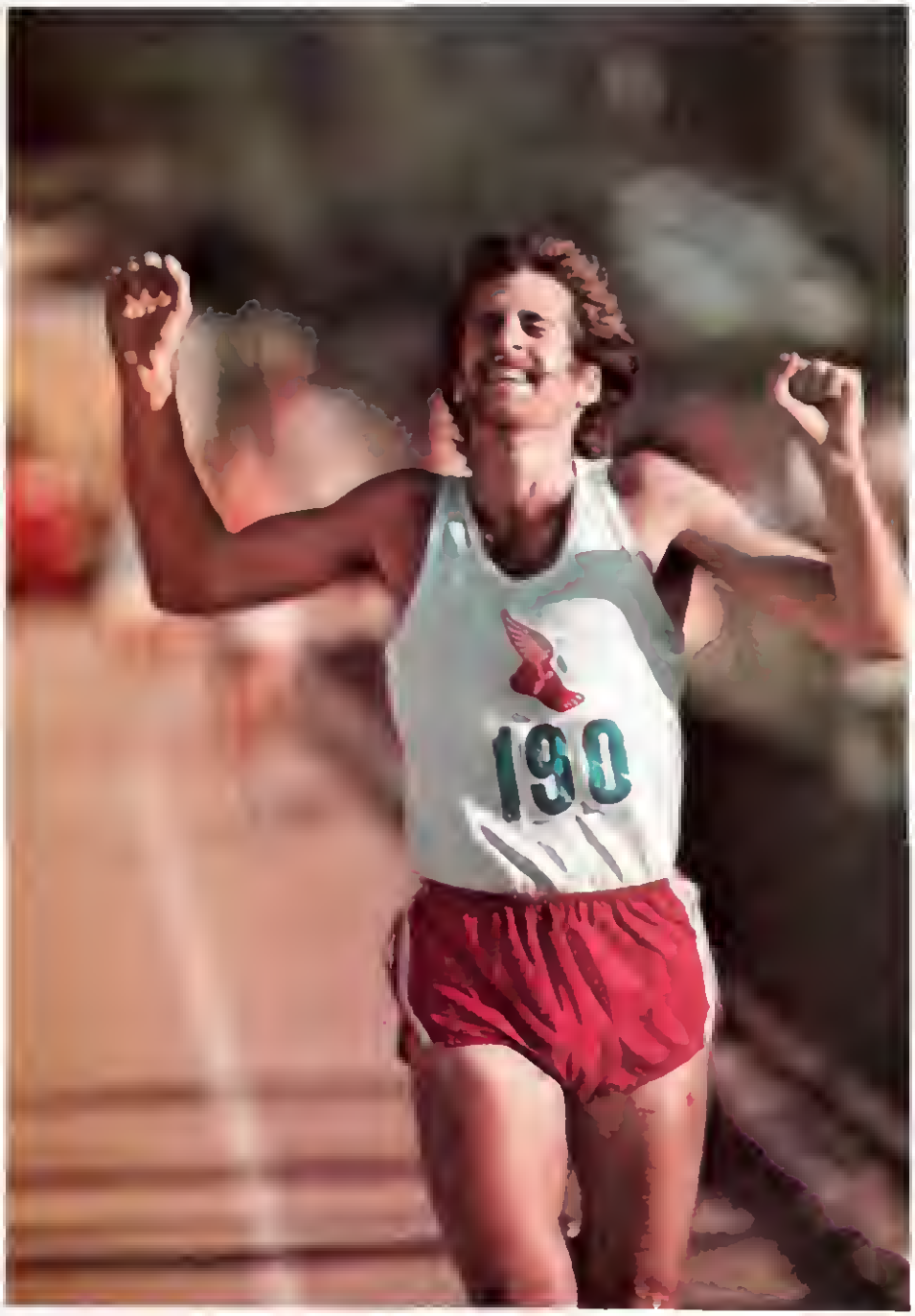
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

the world-record holder, would leap 7′4″ and finish third? Or that three top performers in the 110-meter high hurdles would all fall down? Or that Steve Williams, long considered the best sprinter in the world, would be soundly trounced in both the 100 and 200 meters by Jamaica's Don Quarrie?

John Powell, another world-record holder, successfully defended his discus championship, but that was a mild surprise, too, since the night before the competition the burly Powell never was able to get to sleep. That was fully in keeping with this bizarre meet. Marty Liquori, the 3:52.2 miler, skipped the 1,500 meters to run instead in the 5,000. He ran a brilliant tactical race to finish first in a meet record 13:29 flat, despite a pre-meet lunch of a peanut-butter sandwich washed down by a glass of wine, a gourmet meal that left him, Liquori said, with a mild stomachache.

Even Mann, the self-styled oldtimer who had been national champion in the 400-meter hurdles in 1969, 1970 and 1971, pulled an upset of his own on Saturday by running past the faltering defending champion, Jim Bolding, in the stretch. None of his rivals, including Mann, had been nearly as fast and as strong as Bolding in Friday's heats and semifinals. Coasting through the last yards of each of his races that day, Bolding nevertheless had been timed in 48.9 and 49.4, convincing evidence that breaking John Akii-Bua's world record of 47.8 (set at the Munich Olympics) in the final was a reasonable prospect.

And Bolding ran the first half of the final as though he meant to set a record that would last forever, blasting past the 200-meter mark in 22 seconds flat, according to at least one watch. His pace barely slackened as he raced around the second turn, but then he hit the homestretch, an oncoming wind and the ninth hurdle, in that order. "When you hit one of the last hurdles," Bolding said, "it's tough to finish strong. I came off the turn and felt that wind, and I knew I wasn't as strong as I had been on Friday." He developed a bad case of spaghetti legs near the finish and Mann came on to catch him in the last 10 yards to win in 48.7, which was, at least, a meet record.




*Fueled by peanut butter and wine, miler Marty Liquori set a meet record in the 5,000.*

"It's tough," the talkative Mann agreed. "After two races yesterday, you know where your head is but not where your legs are."

The 110-meter high hurdles saw two favorites fail. Guy Drut, a Frenchman with a mop of curly hair, and Charles Foster, the bald eagle from North Carolina Central, had each won his trial and semifinal easily, but in the final Drut tripped and fell at the first hurdle and Foster was leveled by the fourth. Outsider Gerald Wilson won in 13.38, another meet record. Even so, Drut and Foster fared better than 32-year-old Willie Davenport, the three-time Olympian, who was winning his semifinal when he tore a tendon between his kneecap and shin as he came off the last hurdle. "I didn't hit the hurdle," Davenport said later. "My knee gave way. I'm scared about it, but I'll be back. I'll be in the Olympics again one way or another." Maybe, but the gallant Davenport had to undergo surgery in a Eugene hospital on Saturday.

*continued*




The Striders' Don Quarrie won both sprints.



Willie Davenport's long career may be over.

Liquori and Frank Shorter were more successful in their efforts, despite Liquori's esoteric diet. Shorter, who did not reach Eugene until midday Friday ("I was afraid I'd be tempted to run in the 5,000 if I got here any earlier," he said), was inexorable in the 10,000, striding away from his field to win by more than half a lap in meet-record time of 28.02.2, despite an insistent wind. That clocking was 18.6 seconds behind the late Steve Prefontaine's American record, but the Oregon crowd gave Shorter the longest applause of the meet, probably because Shorter attacked the race the way Prefontaine used to, driving hard all the way.

Liquori, too, echoed Prefontaine. He shot into an early lead in the 5,000 to force a fast pace for the first mile, settled back in the pack then for another mile or so as hardworking Dick Buerkle took over most of the front-running, and then went to the front again with a lap and a half to go and put on a sustained sprint the rest of the way to beat Buerkle by 15 yards. He ran his last quarter in a vigorous 56.8 seconds.

"Corny as it sounds, I thought about Pre with about 600 yards to go," Liquori said. "I think the crowd here is used to someone giving it everything and coming into the finish dead tired. If I used my usual strategy and waited until the last 150 to move—well, with the tradition here, I didn't want to do that."

Liquori, who was scheduled to meet world-record holder Filbert Bayi in a mile rematch this week in Helsinki, added, "I wanted to get a good time. It's probably the last 5,000 I'll run this year. In fact, with the Olympics coming up next year it may be the last 5,000 I'll ever run."

Meanwhile, at the high-jump pit, wondrous, weird things were happening. Stones, the best jumper in the world, overslept, arrived 45 minutes late for the competition and never got completely untracked, even though his 7′4″ was the highest third-place finish ever. Rory Kotinek, his teammate on the Pacific Coast Club, also did 7′4″ for a lifetime best and finished second on the basis of fewer misses along the way. And Tom Woods, yet another member of the same club, cleared every height through 7′5½″ on his first attempt to win the event when Kotinek and Stones failed at that level. Woods then took aim at 7′7″, half an inch over Stones' world mark. "That was the first time I've seen anybody jump at my world record," Stones mused later, after Woods missed. "It's an awesome feeling. I don't like it." Yet he appeared delighted by his teammate's victory. "Woods has always been that good," he said.

Despite the superlative group performance by the PCC trio (the teammates' best jumps at Eugene added up to 22′1½″, which is a high-jump relay record, if you like to contemplate that sort of thing), the crowd gave a good part of its applause and affection to the fourth-place finisher, little Ron Livers of the Philadelphia Pioneer Athletic Club. At 5′9″, Livers seemed like a midget next to his towering rivals, but he still managed to leap 7′3″, or 18 inches over his head, which is probably another esoteric record.

Don Quarrie's victories over Steve Williams in the 100- and 200-meter sprints were not so much upsets as the clear establishment of the Jamaican as the best sprinter in the world at the moment. He had both skill and luck going for him in these races and was voted the athlete of the meet. His luck was evident when he got off to a fast start in his first 100-meter trial heat and continued when he survived a false start in the final (there were three in all, two by the Tennessee star, Reggie Jones, who was disqualified). When the race finally went off, Quarrie surged into the lead at 75 yards and went on to win by a half step from Williams.

"I came out of the blocks good enough," Quarrie said, "and I think I had Steve from the start. I knew he would have to come and get *me*. My technique is to get out and just run to the 60-yard mark, then change into my drive." In the 200, Quarrie's drive was unstoppable. Running in the outside lane, which he likes, in heat, semifinal and final, he won decisively each time. In the final he took the lead on the turn and simply ran away from everyone with an overwhelming lift through the stretch. He beat James Gilkes by three yards and Jones by five, with Williams a well-beaten fourth. The electronic timer caught Quarrie in 20.12 for the 200, a meet record but a clocking that was greeted with hoots of disbelief




*Biggest surprise came when powerful young Mark Enyeart led from wire to wire to beat defending champion Rick Wohlhuter (348) in the 800.*

from Quarrie's fellow sprinters, who felt he had dipped into world-record country below 20 seconds.

The Liquori-less 1,500 seemed an anticlimax, without a true name runner in the field, but it turned into one of the better races of the weekend. Little Ken Popejoy of the University of Chicago Track Club moved to the front on the last lap and had a clear lead entering the homestretch. But veteran Len Hilton caught Popejoy near the tape to win. Hilton's time was a fine 3:38.3, Popejoy's 3:38.4, approximately equivalent to 3:55.3 and 3:55.4 miles. Popejoy's delight in winning a place on the U.S. national team was tempered by concern for what his wife was going to say. "She's on a trip in the Grand Tetons," he said, "and I can't reach her. By the time she gets back home next week I'll be in Europe. I hope she doesn't mind."

One runner who had no complaints was Great Britain's David Jenkins, who won the 400-meter dash in 44.93 seconds. He got off to a superb start, yielded the lead temporarily on the backstretch, regained it coming off the final turn and held it through the stretch to stave off Fred Newhouse. A few minutes later there was a dismaying official announcement that Jenkins had been disqualified for a lane violation, but after further consultation a jury of appeals later reversed that ruling and reinstated Jenkins as the American 400-meter champion.

"It was the best race of my life," the Briton said. "I know now I'm No. 1 in the world. I may stay here a week. I may take a holiday."

Jenkins' time was yet another meet record, one of seven in all, which wasn't half bad for a track meet that a week or two earlier seemed to be disintegrating into a farce. That feeling developed after the AAU announced its ill-advised "moratorium." The AAU wanted the best finishers in the AAU championships to run in its own scheduled international competitions. Because it was afraid that some of the top stars would refuse and go off to big summer meets in Europe more or less on their own, the AAU said it would not issue travel permits during certain periods to any athletes who qualified for the U.S. team (that is, finished first or second at Eugene) and then refused to join it, nor would it give any permits to athletes who were eligible for the AAU meet but refused to compete in it. An obvious loophole for athletes who wanted to go off on their own during the restricted periods was to compete at Eugene and then make sure they would finish third or worse.

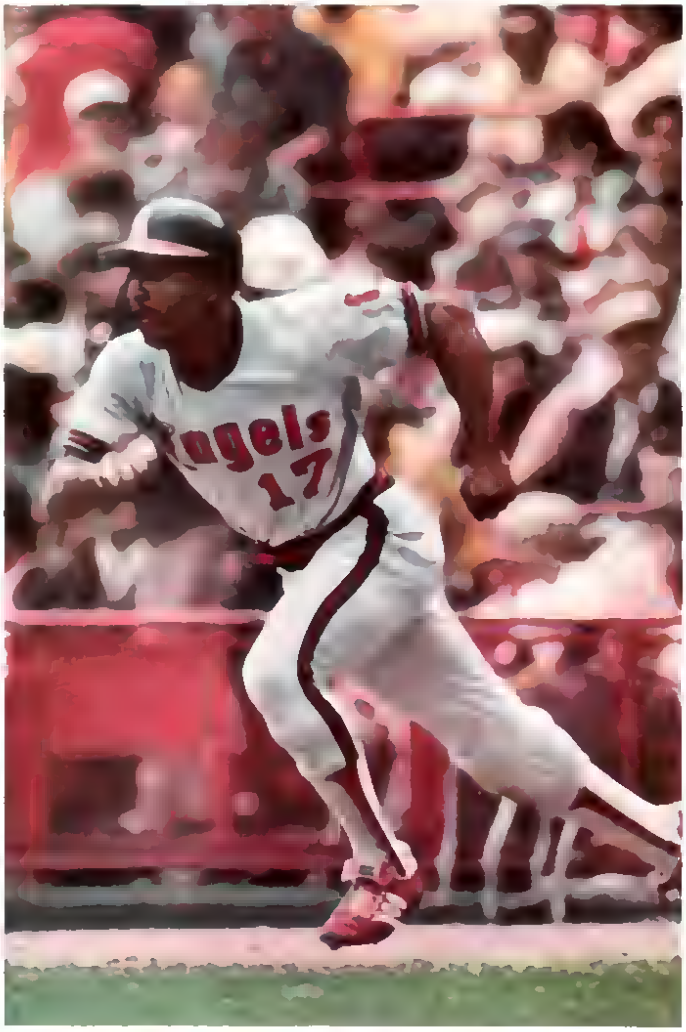
"I wouldn't have liked doing it," Liquori said, "but I would have stopped three yards short of the finish line and stayed there."

Wisely, the AAU abandoned the moratorium idea, and the championship meet went off without a hitch. Well, hardly a hitch. There were the usual complaints, some directed at the AAU (not enough expense money), some by the AAU (demands for too much expense money). Happily, the performances outshone the squabbling. **END**

# IT'S A GAME OF PINCHES

*At least in the American League West, where base stealing at an unprecedented pace is stirring fans and threatening records*

by RON FIMRITE




*Mickey Rivers, demon Angel, leads the majors in thefts.*

Ordinarily, it is Bill North's practice to pursue a rigidly anti-intellectual course when discussing the science of base stealing. As opposed to such theorists as Lou Brock and Fred Patek, who are prepared to expound on everything from meteorology to the physiognomy of lefthanders, the Oakland outfielder is of the "I just run like hell" school of thievery. Thus it was with some surprise that a recent interviewer on the subject heard North take umbrage over a matter of semantics.

"I do not *steal* bases," said North, the 1974 American League stolen-base champion but second on his own team at present. "Reggie Jackson *steals* bases. That Kansas City catcher, Healy, *steals* bases. With them, it's a surprise when they go down. With me, everybody in the ball park knows I'll be running, so I'm not stealing anything. I'm taking something." He paused and assumed an imperious posture. "I am a base-*taker*."

North did not take any bases that night, but his teammate Don Hopkins did. And since Hopkins is the latest in a succession of Oakland "designated runners," swift specialists whose only purpose in the game is to steal, there was even less surprise.

Actually, the crime rate in North's division, the American League West, is so high this year that a base theft there is as commonplace as a mugging in Central Park. If the larceny continues at its current dizzying pace, three teams in the division—California, Oakland and Kansas City—will have stolen more than 200 bases by season's end, and no team in baseball has had that many since 1918, when base stealing was the name of the game. The six teams in the AL West have stolen nearly as many bases this season as the entire National League, which trots out such swifties as Brock, Joe Morgan, Cesar Cedeno and Davey Lopes. The Angels have stolen more than a hundred bases already, which projects to nearly 300 for the season, and that would break the league record of 288 set in 1913 by the Washington Senators. Their Mickey Rivers (38 steals) and the Royals' Amos Otis (29) are well ahead of the Cardinals' Brock (25), who set a major league record of 118 last year. The Royals' Patek stole 16 straight bases this year before he was finally thrown out by Cleveland's Alan Ashby on June 5, and is now 17 for 18. Four Angels and four A's have stolen in double figures, and the A's, in the opinion of their premier thieves, Claudell Washington, North and Campy Campaneris, have not yet begun to run.

"I should have about 30 by now," says the 20-year-old Washington, who leads the team with 23, "but we're laying back and playing for the big inning. I'll still probably get about 60."

"Laying back," the A's are still second in pilfery to the Angels, whose concept of a big inning is a walk and three steals. The Angels have more than five times as many base thefts as home runs and, as the Texas Rangers' manager, Billy Martin, has observed with his usual perspicuity, "They could take batting practice in a hotel lobby and not break anything." (In support of this supposition, the Angels did take batting prac-

tice in a hotel lobby—with a Nerf ball—and did not break so much as a light bulb.)

"We have such limited power that running is a necessity with us," says Manager Dick Williams superfluously. "We have five men who run on their own. Anytime you give our team 90 feet we'll take it. We've scored men from first on a single. We've sent men from first to third on a sacrifice. We've had men score on steals of second when the catcher has thrown the ball away. I think we're playing exciting baseball."

The Angels are obliged to run to save their skins, but what of the other teams in their division which, though they have more muscle, still run as if pursued not by Angels but by demons?

Kansas City's magnificent Royals Stadium was transformed in newsprint last week to "Royal Raceway" in anticipation of the track meet between the home team and the visiting Angels. In previous games between the two, the Royals had stolen 19 times in 21 attempts and the Angels 12 in 16. Otis had stolen 11 times against the Angels without being caught, including seven in two games, which tied a league record set 63 years ago by Eddie Collins. Otis never got out of the blocks in this rain-shortened two-game series, however, and there were only five bases stolen, two by the 6′5″, 210-pound Healy, two more by the Angels' second-best stealer, Jerry Remy, and one by the nearly uncatchable Patek. None of the thefts particularly influenced the games, both of which were won by Kansas City. And yet there was a consistently high level of expectation among the spectators, a sensation more common when a home-run hitter is at bat. Shouts of "Go, go, go," popularized a decade or more ago when Maury Wills was running loose, are now common in cities where the greyhound base runners are off the leash. The fans are warming to the running game.

"Speed has become the dominating factor in other pro sports," says Jack McKeon, the observant Kansas City manager. "Football is going after track men as wide receivers. Speed has become increasingly important in basketball. Hockey looks for the fast skaters. Speed has opened up all these other games and it's opening up ours. Three, four, five years ago a ball club might have one guy who could run. Now it can have four or five. You're getting faster guys in baseball and they're changing the game. Speed eliminates a great deal of bunting, for example. You don't bunt an Otis or a Patek over too often. Why give up an out when you've got guys who can run like that? There is also more emphasis on pitchers holding runners on. Some of the older pitchers, who never had to worry much about that part of the game, are hurting now. The younger guys, who've pitched against running ball clubs in the minors, may have better moves to first than the veterans."

It is generally conceded, even by pitchers, that bases are stolen on pitchers, not catchers, although Healy gallantly suggests that "we catchers would be kidding

*continued*



*Slick-sliding Royal Fred Patek has been caught red-footed only once.*



*Cool Claudell Washington heeds the A's fearsome foursome.*




Repentant slugger Amos Otis turns to speed.




Old flit-man Bert Campaneris is at it again.

ourselves if we put all the blame on the pitchers. Sure it's the pitcher's fault if a runner gets a big jump, but sometimes a guy will steal without the jump and that's our fault." Holding the runner on is the second most important weapon a pitcher has against a known base thief. The first is keeping him off base by getting him out.

Some pitchers compensate for inadequate moves to first with what in Patek's opinion amounts to the "balk move." Patek studied under the learned Wills when both were with Pittsburgh seven years ago. He mastered his lessons well and is himself now considered to be something of an expert on the nuances of pitching moves. A raised foot here, a dipped shoulder there, even a furrowed brow or the suggestion of a smile, will give the tiny Patek his stop-and-go signals, and knowing when to run is as important in base thievery as the big lead and raw speed. It distresses Patek, then, when pitchers cheat in the cat-and-mouse game and throw to first when they have clearly made a move toward home—a balk, he laments, that is rarely, if ever, called by umpires. But he can sympathize with his opponents on a detached philosophical level. "If I were a pitcher," he admits, "I'd do it, too."

The advantage, in fact, seems to be with the runner, a circumstance that delights Patek's whippetlike teammate, Otis. "All I have to do is run and slide," says he. "The pitcher has to throw the ball, the catcher has to catch it and throw it and the infielder has to catch it and make the tag."

Otis has stolen as many as 52 bases in a season. He had only 18 last year, the unhappy result, he feels, of a temporary delusion that he was a power hitter. He has dismissed such grandiose thoughts now and is running better than ever. He has had three games this season in which he has stolen three bases and one in which he has stolen four. He has been thrown out stealing only four times and picked off first twice in 35 attempts. Being picked off bothers him not at all; the big lead he invariably wangles is worth the risk. Otis is particularly adept at recognizing the pitchout, a ruse in which the pitcher purposely throws high and wide to the plate so his catcher can throw quickly and unhindered by the batter on steal attempts. "They've pitched out 22 times on me this year," he says contentedly, "and I've only gone once. The pitcher always speeds up his motion, so you can spot it easily."

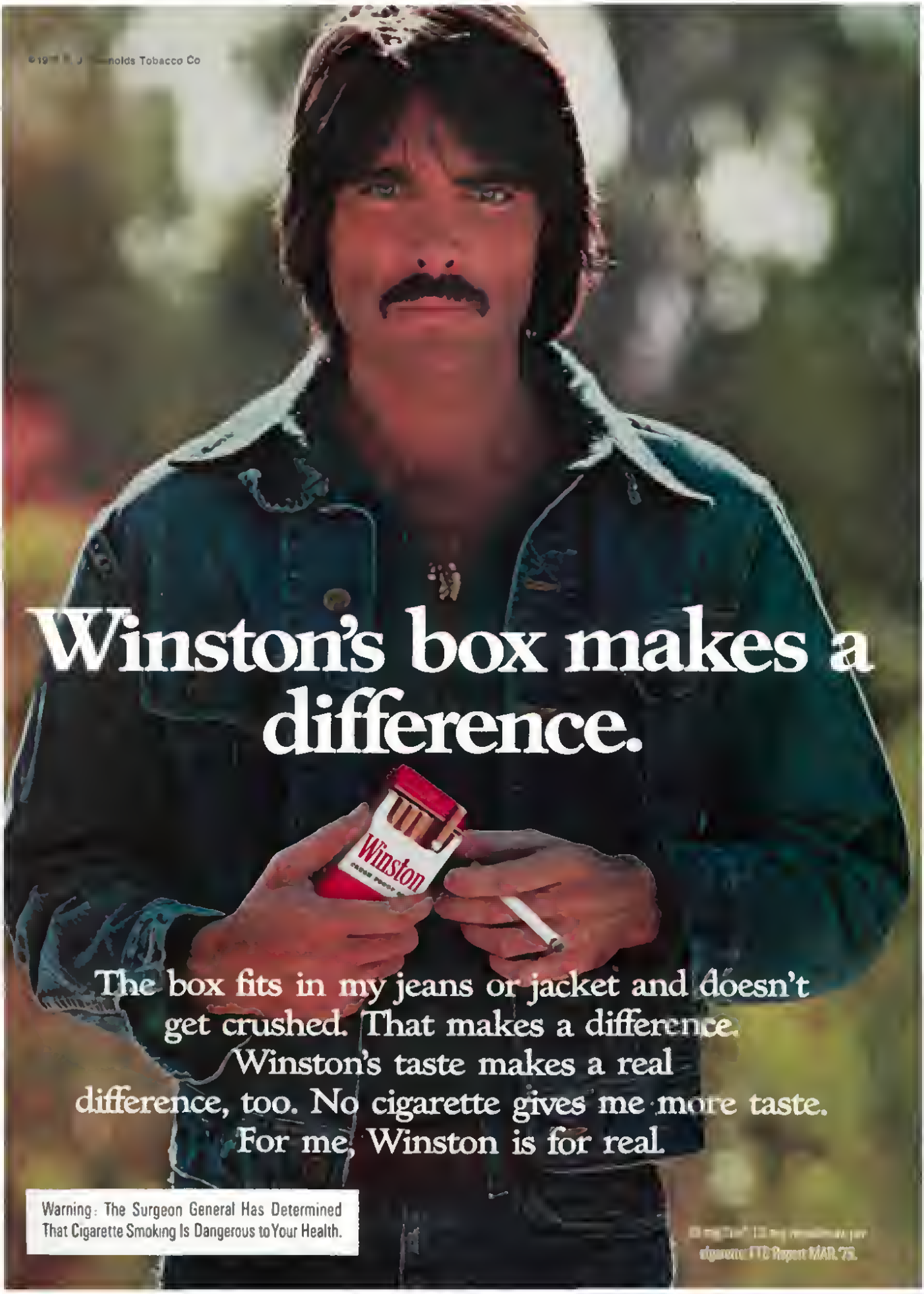
A pitcher who scrupulously avoids such detection is the Royals' Steve Busby, who at the tender age of 25 is considered by many to have the finest moves to all three bases of any pitcher. "The first thing the base runner will do is get his lead," says Busby. "I will oblige him. I want to see how far he will go. Then I'll throw over there to cut that lead down. The more you throw the less chance you will have of a pickoff, but it's important to shorten that lead. If the runner is quick enough to keep his lead and still get back to first ahead of the throw, I'll just have to concede him his jump. There is no defense against a good base runner with speed."

The A's had a world-class sprinter on their roster last year in Herb Washington, who was not all that good as a base runner. Nevertheless, Owner Charlie Finley and Manager Alvin Dark thought enough of the "designated runner" scheme to try it again. At the beginning of the season they had three such specialists, but Washington was finally released and Matt (the Scat) Alexander, who had stolen 10 bases in 11 attempts, was injured during batting practice. Hopkins, who can also play the outfield and hit a little, is the survivor. He has appeared in about two-thirds of the A's games and has stolen 12 bases in 19 attempts, a percentage he hopes to improve upon as his knowledge of the pitchers increases.

Last Friday was a typically chilly night in the Oakland Coliseum as the A's opened a four-game series with Kansas City. Hopkins spent the early innings doing laps around the A's gold-carpeted clubhouse, awaiting his call. It came in the seventh when, with two outs and the A's leading 3–1, Designated Hitter Billy Williams walked. Hopkins debouched from the dugout to replace him. And though, as North would have it, everybody in the ball park knew he would be running, he set out on the second pitch and slid smartly into second ahead of Healy's throw.

In the record books it will be recorded as a steal. But as North and, by now, Hopkins know, it was not that at all. It was a "take," the kind that is adding an exciting dimension to play this year and, in the bargain, giving the customers what can only be described as a real run for their money. END

© 19[illegible] R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co



Pocket-size cameras that use pocket-size flipflash.



# Kodak introduces Trimlite cameras.

## New streamlined flipflash.



Now, Kodak has made pocket photography more portable than ever with new Kodak Trimlite Instamatic cameras. These remarkable cameras use the slim new flipflash. Each little flipflash gives you eight big flash pictures.

**New look.** Each camera features a soft-touch shutter release, a new elegant pebble-grained finish and your own personal monogram. Of course, it has drop-in, cartridge loading and slips conveniently into your pocket.





Shoot 4 flash pictures, flip the flash, shoot 4 more.

## Four new models.

There are four different models of Trimlite Instamatic cameras. Model 28, shown, is less than $61. Other models from less than $24 at your photo dealer's now.

**New warranty.** As an added benefit, Trimlite cameras have a three year warranty.

Prices are subject to change without notice

Kodak
**Trimlite**
Instamatic® cameras.

# 'I WANT TO CARRY MY LOAD'

**Art Williams, who was the first black player in the Detroit Tigers' system, has become the first, and only, black umpire in the National League. "In everything I do," he says, "I overhustle."** ***by LEE GUTKIND***

Art Williams wasn't exactly nervous before those games in which he worked behind the plate, but still there was something, a gnawing, doubting sensation. Being a black man in a white man's world was hard; being an umpire, a lawman in a game where his every judgment could influence a man's career—that was even more difficult. Art Williams, the first black umpire in the National League, was doing his best. Yet there were times, especially every fourth game when it was his turn to call the plate, that an uneasiness set in. This was an umpire's most difficult and tiring job. This was the time when all eyes were unavoidably on him.

Early one evening in the umpires' room at Jarry Park in Montreal, Williams stripped down to his shorts, carried the boxes of new baseballs and a can

WILLIAMS CALLING PITCHES BEHIND THE PLATE—THE MOST RESPONSIBLE, EYE-CATCHING, NERVE-PLUCKING POSITION FOR AN UMPIRE



of Delaware River mud into the bathroom and sat down near the sink. Nick Colosi, Doug Harvey and Harry Wendelstedt, the other members of his umpiring team, were in the dressing room talking quietly.

The previous night had been an excruciatingly bad one for Williams, his worst of the year. He had been working first base and doing what he considered to be a competent job when the fleet Montreal shortstop, Tim Foli, hit a slow ground ball to third. It looked as if it would be a close play, but Williams was on it, stepping into the slot to the right and at a 45-degree angle from first base, dropping down on one knee to see the ball slap the first baseman's glove and the runner's foot touch the base. The ball beat the runner by nearly half a step, and Williams jumped, whirled, raised his right fist and yelled, "Out!"

Then, for a split second, he was confused. The fans were cheering, and his fancy movement on the out call left him somewhat off-balance. He might have lost sight of the play, he wasn't sure, but the next thing he knew, the ball was rolling on the ground. His fist, signaling out, still hung like a hammer in the air as he reran the play in his mind. Had Foli knocked the ball out of the first baseman's glove? Interference? He thought so. "Out!" he bellowed again.

"He dropped the ball! The first baseman dropped the ball!" Foli yelled.

"No, he's crazy!" the first baseman yelled, motioning at Foli. "He grabbed the ball. He grabbed it!"

"You're wrong!" First Base Coach Walt Hriniak bellowed the words into Williams' face. "You're wrong, wrong, wrong!"

The three men crowded around the umpire, shouting, jumping up and down like angry dogs. Williams shut his eyes for an instant, remembering Doug Harvey's words: "I'm telling you, son, you can't let them double-team you, triple-team you, quadruple-team you. You tell them like I always tell them, 'One man, I'll talk to one man only. I'll talk to one man or no man at all.' "

But Williams knew he had hesitated too long, losing the advantage of his authority. He stood there, paralyzed. Then he composed himself and opened his mouth, with the intention of clearing the field, when Hriniak suddenly stepped forward and bumped him. Instinctively, Williams pushed the man back, hard. "You're gone," he yelled, pointing to the dugout. "Get out of here!"

"You pushed me, you . . ." Hriniak rushed forward and bumped him again. Williams held his ground and his temper. "You're gone! You're gone! Get out! Get out!" His arm shot out once more toward the dugout.

Simultaneously, Harvey, Wendelstedt and Expo Manager Gene Mauch reached first base and pulled the men apart, but Williams knew the damage had been done. An umpire must control himself and the situation. He should never let himself exercise authority physically.



BREAKING OUT A NEW BOX OF BALLS

After the game, Williams sat dejectedly in his sweat-soaked blue uniform. Harvey said, "You can't ever allow yourself to become off-balance. You've got to plant both feet and keep your eyes on the play until you're sure it has concluded. It takes eight years in the major leagues to make a good umpire, Art, and you haven't been in for even two."

That night Williams paced his room, composing the right words to use in explaining the incident to League President Chub Feeney. Williams wasn't worried that Feeney would fire him. It hadn't been that bad a mistake, and Feeney was a good and fair man. But it was unsettling, embarrassing.

Feeney wasn't the man who had hired him, of course. Fred Fleig, the National League secretary and supervisor of umpires, was the one who had called him after only three years of minor league ball, to ask if he thought he could work in the majors. He remembered that night very well. In fact, lying there in that dark room, he remembered a number of things.

In 1953, Art Williams, a right-handed pitcher, was the first black to be signed by the Detroit Tigers organization, receiving a $100 bonus. Directly out of high school he was assigned to the Tigers' Class A farm team in his hometown of Bakersfield, Calif., he had an 11-6 rec-

continued

Copyright © 1975 by [illegible]

ord that season. The next year he was offered a contract to play AAA ball in Buffalo, but the Tigers refused him travel money to spring training. So Williams rejected the offer and was sent to the Tigers' team in Idaho Falls. He pitched well there for the first half of the season, and then he hurt his arm. Despite his physical troubles, he had a 9-3 record.

But still, after coming up with a sore arm so early in his career, Williams felt his prospects for the future were significantly diminished. He turned down an offer to play Class A ball in Augusta, Ga. the following year, on the advice of his father, who feared for his son's physical and spiritual health. Instead, Williams signed with the Wanetka Tigers in the now defunct Class C California League and, at the suggestion of Tiger scout Joe Gordon, agreed to pitch a game every other day. "This is the only way you're going to prove to our management that your arm is strong enough for big-league ball," Gordon told the young pitcher.

Whether the advice was faulty or downright cruel, Williams still isn't completely certain 20 years later. In any case, he wore out his arm while pitching as many games as possible for the next two years. He won twice as many as he lost, but never once received any indication he was being scouted and considered for advancement in the Detroit or any other pro baseball organization. He returned home at the start of the 1957 season and unobtrusively retired from the game, so disappointed that he swore to his wife Shirley that he would never again involve himself in baseball. He would never watch a game, in fact, if he could help it. He tucked his memories of those years into the deepest corners of his mind.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHAEFMAN



HEARING OUT CUB MANAGER MARSHALL

A second Williams child was now on the way, and Art went to work for the Bakersfield Sanitation Department. He was soon promoted to supervisor, and worked there for the next 12 years overseeing from 120 to 150 men. His family grew to five children, and for extra cash he took a part-time job with the recreation department. He also started attending classes at Bakersfield Junior College and began refereeing high school basketball. For seven years he kept his peace with baseball, remaining isolated from the game. But when his eldest son, Art Jr., began playing Little League ball, Williams agreed to help umpire.

Before he really realized what was happening, Williams moved up to high school and college games. Within two years he was the most skillful and sought-after umpire in amateur baseball in Kern County. In the winter of 1969, with his wife's reluctant blessing, Williams enrolled in the Major League Umpire Development Program and spent six weeks attending classes in St. Petersburg, Fla. under the direction of former Triple A umpire Barney Deary.

At the time, the federal government, armed with comparatively new civil-rights legislation, was beginning to eye with suspicion the hiring practices of National and American League officials. Close to half of all the players in the major leagues were members of minority groups, yet there was only one black umpire, Emmett Ashford in the American League, and he would retire the following year.

"I got a call from the National League office in San Francisco," says a major league umpire who had been working as an instructor for the umpire development program in St. Petersburg that winter. "They wanted to know if there were any good black candidates and asked me to pick the best so that they could be sure he got a job. Not that these blacks mightn't have been offered jobs anyway, but there were about 200 candidates that year for 30 or 40 jobs, and they wanted to be sure a black was hired. Well, I picked Williams. He was maybe the best black candidate we had that year—maybe the best we ever had—but what I liked about him was, well, he was respectful."

Williams was hired by the Pioneer League in the Northwest that year for $525 a month for three months, including expenses. Simultaneously, he gave up his job with the sanitation department, where he had earned $11,000 annually. Shirley was forced to go back to work that year and for the next four years, but Art was certain of his ability to move up to the big leagues.

He was promoted to the Class A Midwest League in 1970 and traveled with another black umpire, Harold Van, who had been in baseball for a number of years and was, at the time, a National League prospect. One evening in Appleton, Wis., after a particularly difficult game, a tall, broad-shouldered, gray-haired man came into the umpires' room and engaged Van in quiet conversation. Later the stranger walked over and spoke to Williams.

"What's your name, son?" the man asked gruffly.

Williams told him.

"Well, I think you did a fine job out there tonight. Just keep on hustling."

Later, Van said, "Well, you got yourself a fan. That man don't know what the word compliment means, but he handed one out to you."

"Who is he?"

"That's Fred Fleig, the supervisor of umpires in the National League—the man who does the hiring and firing."

Williams worked hard for the rest of that season, harder perhaps than at any time in his life. Often he would spend his nights curled up in the back seat of his car and he washed and shaved at local gas stations to save a few dollars to send home.

Since major league ball clubs invite many extra players to spring training camps and divide their teams into groups, minor league umpires help officiate. Williams was included in a group of two dozen in January 1971.

He officiated in a number of games that spring, but what he remembers best about that month he spent in Arizona was a game between the Giants and Pa-

*continued*

# GILLETTE ANNOUNCES AN ADJUSTABLE TRAC II.®

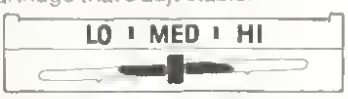



## Five settings on the cartridge let you choose the shave that suits you best.



Nobody knows better than you how a razor feels on your face, whether it feels right or whether a slight adjustment could make it feel better.

So now, in addition to the regular Trac II, Gillette also makes a Trac II cartridge that's adjustable.




**Five settings, one is perfect for you.**

The new Adjustable Trac II cartridge has five different settings. Low, medium, high, and two settings in-between. So whether your face and beard are tough, tender, or in-between, you can get a Trac II two-bladed shave that feels just right for you.

And, since the settings are on the cartridge, you can easily adjust them with one finger, even in the middle of your shave.



**The Trac II-razor Effect, adjusted to your own beard.**

With the Adjustable Trac II, you get the great Trac II two-bladed shave.

The first blade shaves the whisker and stretches it out from the skin. Then before the whisker snaps all the way back, the second blade can shave it again, closer.

You also get regular Trac II comfort because both blades in the Adjustable Trac II cartridge are recessed for a safer shave that's just right for you.

**Adjustable cartridges fit the regular Trac II handle.**

If you already own a regular Trac II, you can buy the adjustable cartridges separately. They'll fit right on your own handle.

If you don't own a Trac II razor, you can buy the Adjustable Trac II complete.

Both are available wherever regular Trac II is sold.




**The closest thing to a perfect shave.**

# I thought about all I'd read and said to myself, either quit or smoke True.




# I smoke True.

100's Regular 12 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
King Regular 11 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Oct '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

dres worked by the veteran umpire Doug Harvey, who was to become his crew chief in the majors. Williams, who had finished his game earlier in the day, was sitting on the sidelines watching him.

Near the end of the game, Harvey walked toward Williams. "You're Art Williams," he said, offering his hand. "Nice to know you.

"Look, I've got a problem," he added. "I just bought a house in San Diego and I've got to make a plane in 45 minutes to get back to sign the papers and close the deal. I wonder if you could take over for me behind the plate?"

"You want me to call the plate for you? With Willie Mays coming up?"

"The pitches don't come in any different to Mays than to anybody else. You call your own game."

Williams did, and for the first five weeks of the 1971 season he was assigned to the Double A Texas League. But when veteran National League umpire Tony Venson had a heart attack, John McSherry of the Triple A International League was promoted to the majors, and Williams moved up a notch, assuming McSherry's position. He remained in the International League that year, working the playoffs, and then returning both to major league spring training and to the International League in 1972. Again he was selected to work the Little World Series, and since it was to be held in Hawaii, Williams was planning to take Shirley along.

Then one day the phone rang in the small frame house in the south side of Bakersfield. Shirley was in the kitchen. Soon Art came in and stood in the doorway.

"What now?" asked Shirley.

"That was Mr. Fleig," said Williams. "We're not going to Hawaii because . . . starting tomorrow . . . I'll be in the major leagues."

"Overhustle," says Art Williams. "Although I'm sure other people have thought of it and used it, that's a word I've made up on my own. Overhustle. It perfectly describes my outlook on life, the way I conduct myself on the field, off the field, on the road, or at home.

"I don't want nobody to talk about me in this league, you see, because the way things are, with me the first and only black umpire, if they talk about me, they talk about my race. That's the way people are. I don't want nobody talking about me. That's the one thing I would hate, so I work real hard until I'm sure people know that I'm just one of the guys, 'cause that's exactly what I want to be.

"In everything I do, everywhere I go, in all of my life, I overhustle. That's the word. A ball's hit down the line, I run like the wind, faster than any umpire, 'cause I don't want anyone to be able to say I'm lazy, that blacks are lazy.

"When it comes to sharing a taxi fare, or picking up a tab in a restaurant, I always try to buy more than my share, two beers to everyone else's one, because I don't want anyone to say I'm cheap, or that blacks are cheap.

"I overhustle. I want to carry my load and I want everyone in the whole damn

continued



# The new Fiat 131. It's not a dream car.



# It's a reality car.

Part of the American dream has always been the American dream car. Bigger than it had to be, more powerful than it had to be, more expensive than it had to be. More a symbol of having arrived than a practical means of getting somewhere.

The way things are today, you'd assume that the dream car would have seen its end. But somehow it persists. Despite all the whoopla you've been hearing, in 1975 the average American car will weigh 4,000 pounds and get 13 miles a gallon.

At Fiat, we never shared the idea of the American dream car. Being Italian, we didn't have to.

Instead, we've built our cars to deal with the world as it really is.

The new Fiat 131 is our latest and most advanced extension of this idea.

The 131 squarely faces the problem of survival. If you've gotten used to trading in your car every 2 or 3 years, the 131 should come as a pleasant surprise.

The engine was tested for over a million miles. The valves last twice as long as ordinary valves. The rings are plated with chromium. They last far longer than ordinary rings.

The Fiat 131 faces the problem of rust. Its entire underbody is sealed against the elements. The exhaust system is made of a special steel, impervious to corrosion. The wheels offer the most advanced protection against rust in the world today.

The 131 faces up to the inevitability of accidents. The passenger compartment has been designed with particular attention to passenger safety. It is protected by steel rings at the floor, waist and roof. The gas tank is tucked away behind the back seat, protected by the wheels and trunk. In a head-on collision, the steering column collapses.

The 131 gives passengers in the front seat more legroom than the $9,000 Chrysler Imperial. Yet it's shorter than a Vega. It deals very nicely with parking and traffic.

Last, the 131 faces the spiraling costs of owning a car. It's designed to be economical not just on gas, but on day-to-day maintenance and repair.

In times like these, isn't the reality car starting to sound more and more like a dream?



Based on U.S. Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy test results. Optional at extra cost. Financing and leasing arranged through your dealer.

FIAT

league, in the whole country, to know I'm doing it.

"There are a lot of umpires in the minor leagues, and right up here in the majors, who are jealous of me because I'm black and have gotten a few breaks because of it. But they don't know, don't realize, that I've also lost out on many opportunities earlier in life for the same blackness. They don't understand, furthermore, that I can't help my color one way or another. I am what I am.

"I resent being called a token black by reporters. I get that all the time. 'How does it feel to be the token black umpire in the major leagues?' they ask me.

" 'I'm not a token anything,' I tell them. 'I'm an umpire. It's as pure and simple as that.'

"Sometimes I call a black player out on a close play and he looks up at me, surprised. They are actually *surprised.* And they say to me, 'Hey, brother, you could have given me a break.'

"Well, I don't like that. They ain't doing me any good and they ain't doing my race any good. They are jeopardizing my authority, my position and my job. On the field, I ain't nobody's brother. They're players and I'm an umpire.

"In a way," says Williams, "umpires and black people have been lifted out of the same mold. We're both outcasts. We both find comfort and friendship only with our own kind."

Now, sitting on a stool in front of the sink in the umpires' room in Jarry Park, the big black man splattered saliva and mud on the last baseball to be tossed into the ball bag. Sighing, he kneaded the mud into the cover with a silent fury.

Then he began the long process of dressing and preparing for a game behind the plate. First, he dug into his suitcase until he found the bottoms to a pair of long, gray knit underwear. This was the same underwear he had worn for his first major league assignment almost two years before. He had, in fact, worn these same long johns for each plate appearance since that time, but today he felt in need of a new good-luck charm. Or no good-luck charm. He would confront this plate job wholly on his own. He rolled the underwear into a loose ball, then tossed it into the trash can.

Williams unwrapped a fresh set of underwear, then stood and dragged the elasticized cotton material up his muscular legs. He sat down and pulled on a pair of knee-high woolen socks, then strapped on a pair of catcher's shin guards made of shiny blue heavy-duty plastic.

Next he pulled on his pants. He slipped into a pair of black oxfords, laced them tightly and got to his feet. His shoes had an elongated leather-wrapped steel tongue, which extended from toe to ankle, meeting the lower portion of the shin guard.

He pulled his padded chest protector down from a shelf and paused for a second. "Shirts or jackets tonight, chief?" he said to Harvey.

"Jackets."

Williams nodded, buckled his chest protector over his undershirt, slipped a

*continued*


# At the U.S. Open the pros were telling you how to get more distance.

When the pros do something at the U.S. Open, they're doing it for only one reason. They're doing it to win.

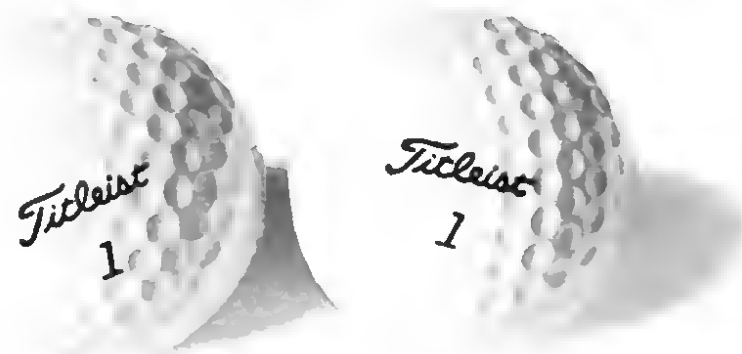
So which golf ball were the pros playing? At the U.S. Open, where a few extra yards can mean thousands of dollars, the pros were playing Titleist. In fact, more of them played a thin, balata-cover Titleist than any other ball.

Titleist gives you a thin balata cover for extra spin, a unique wound construction, and aerodynamically designed dimple pattern. All of which adds up to extra distance, extra accuracy, and Titleist's special click and feel.

This year there are two balata-cover Titleist golf balls: The Regular Titleist, designed to give average drives an upward boost for extra yardage. And the new Pro Trajectory Titleist, designed to maximize distance for good golfers who hit the ball high and hard.

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

# The pros are telling you to play Titleist.




Regular Titleist  Pro Trajectory

# Before somebody tries to interest you in business insurance, make sure he's interested in business.



We'll never demean the value of a lot of social contacts for any insurance agent. But if that's all a man has going for him, forget it.

Business insurance is complex. And changing every day. An agent has to be all business just to keep up.

That's why Lincoln National Life has restructured its local offices. Yesterday's business practices just aren't good enough for today.

Many of our agencies have computer terminals. These terminals are connected to our master computer. Every fact and figure we've compiled on business insurance is at the agent's fingertips.

A special television system has been installed in our local agencies. New developments in business insurance are videotaped for our agents. When they need to review what's happening they simply turn on their television sets.

We're staffing our local agencies with business specialists. Group insurance specialists. Pension specialists. Profit sharing, variable annuity and deferred compensation specialists. People who are also thoroughly familiar with the ins and outs of taxes.

A Lincoln National agent hasn't neglected the social graces. On the contrary.

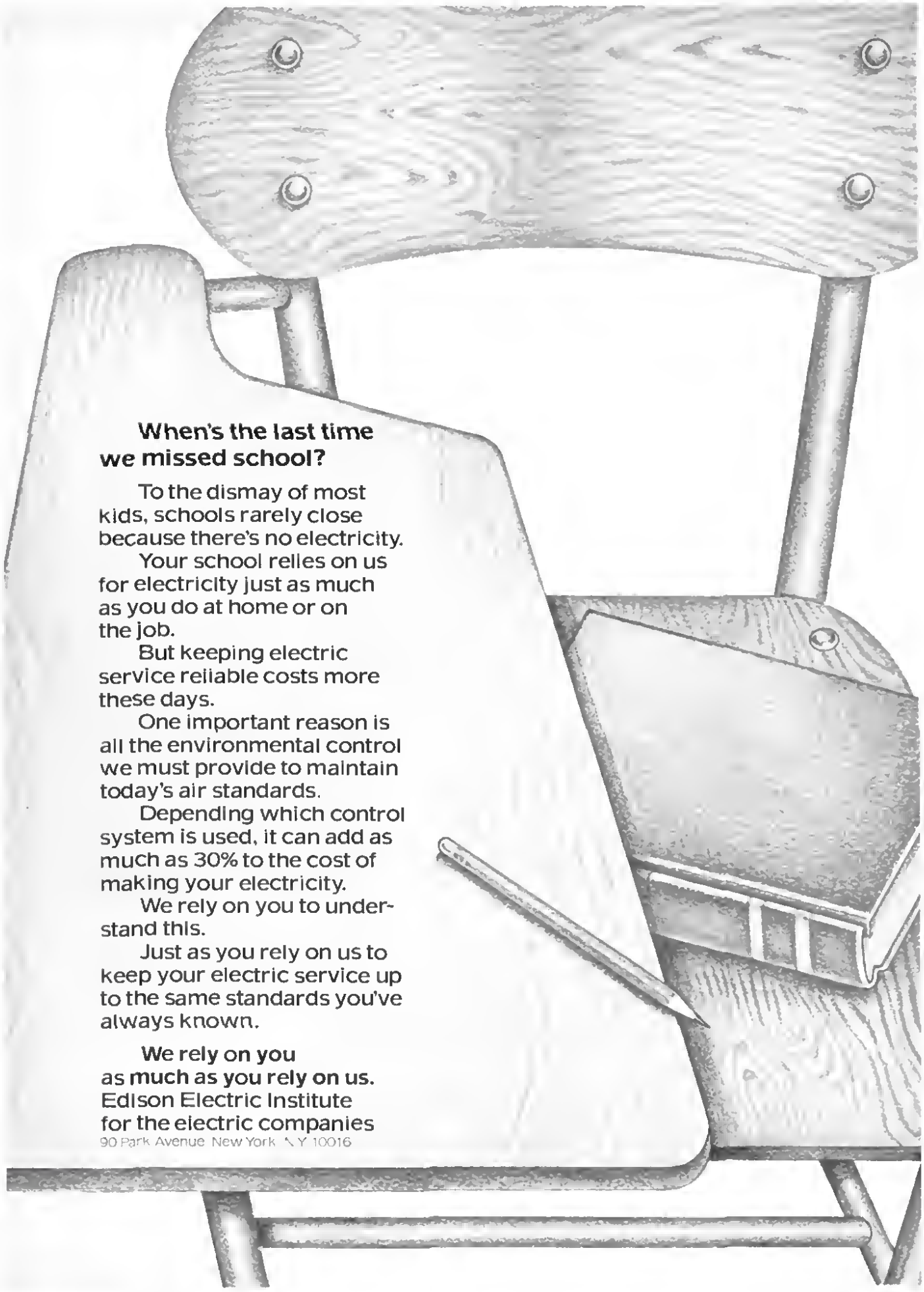
It's just that he appreciates the wisdom of one of the oldest sayings in the English language.

Business before pleasure.



**THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

A Lincoln National corporation / Fort Wayne, Indiana



**When's the last time we missed school?**

To the dismay of most kids, schools rarely close because there's no electricity.

Your school relies on us for electricity just as much as you do at home or on the job.

But keeping electric service reliable costs more these days.

One important reason is all the environmental control we must provide to maintain today's air standards.

Depending which control system is used, it can add as much as 30% to the cost of making your electricity.

We rely on you to understand this.

Just as you rely on us to keep your electric service up to the same standards you've always known.

**We rely on you as much as you rely on us.**
Edison Electric Institute
for the electric companies
90 Park Avenue New York N.Y. 10016

short-sleeved light-blue shirt over the protector, then pulled on his navy-blue jacket. He looked as if he were wearing a 1940s-style zoot suit.

Harvey looked at Colosi and Williams. "Where the hell is Harry?" he said. Suddenly Wendelstedt whooped, crashed through the toilet stall door, leaped in the air, twisted around and landed in the main room with a barefoot thud. He had shed his underwear and stood in the middle of the room, staring sheepishly at his partners and wearing a T shirt on which

*From the book "The Best Seat in Baseball, But You Have to Stand," published by the Dial Press.*

he had drawn a large swastika in blue ballpoint ink. Neatly lettered above the swastika were the words Super Kraut.

"Super Kraut!" he yelled, pounding his chest, then goose-stepping around and around the room. "Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Super Kraut! Super Kraut! Super Kraut!"

Harvey, Colosi and Williams watched as the big man twirled and paraded. They began to chuckle as he continued to perform, then finally exploded in great gusts of laughter. Harry Wendelstedt, as straight-faced, apple-cheeked and imperturbable as ever, put on his clothes, his light-blue short-sleeved shirt, his navy-blue pants and suit jacket. He laced his black oxfords and led the crew out onto the field.

The players looked at the umpires strangely, then began winking at one another, but none would ever quite understand why these usually grim-lipped men periodically chuckled and guffawed through the game. Nor would the fans ever know, even imagine, that one of the men in the blue suit of authority wore a swastika over his heart as a joke.

Art Williams felt the fog and the weight above his eyes lift as he walked slowly out onto the field. He accepted the lineups from both managers with an authoritative nod, checked his digital ball-strike counter, and loaded up his pockets with five newly rubbed baseballs. He stood erect and respectful through the Canadian and American anthems.

With a great deal of satisfaction, as the dying music reverberated in the park, he turned to the visiting team's dugout, raised his arm in a sharp, snapping manner and yelled, "PLAY BALL!" **END**


Smokers of the best-selling regular size cigarette:

Cut your 'tar' in half




with LUCKY 100's

Lowest in 'tar' of all regular 100's

According to latest U.S. Government Report.

LUCKY 100's "tar" 10 mg nicotine, 0.7 mg
Best-selling regular size . . "tar" 25 mg nicotine, 1.6 mg
Of all brands, lowest . . "tar" 2 mg nicotine 0.2 mg
Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Apr '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LUCKY 100's, 10 mg tar 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr '75

*Pigeon racing may not have Americans in a flap, but for a while it had the author sky-high with enthusiasm. Her hopes rode on Terry Malloy (right), a cock bred to come through with flying colors* *by JEANNETTE BRUCE*

# A bird's-eye view



It all started in a taxi that was moving like a bucking bronco through Brooklyn. Harold (Peewee) Greenblatt, the cabbie, was proclaiming, "Pigeons saved my life. I used to go to the track, drop a bundle, a very bad scene. Then my father got me into pigeons." The next week I was into them too, climbing the rickety ladder to the Brooklyn rooftop where Peewee and his brother Norman share a loft and race homing pigeons weekends from April to October. It was the end of March, a week before the season was to begin, but the Greenblatts and others in the South End Homing Pigeon Club had decided to hold a bootleg race.

The loft, filled with cooing birds, reminded me of a scene from *On the Waterfront*, except that Marlon Brando, in his role as pigeon-loving Terry Malloy, was missing. I had to make do with Peewee and Norman. The Greenblatts were both familiar with *On the Waterfront* and Norman admitted watching the movie whenever it is shown on television, about twice a year. He recited word for word Brando's famous scene with his brother Charlie (Rod Steiger) except that Norman's rendition was accompanied by the soft whoo-a, whoo-a of the nearby birds. It sounded terrific in Norman's Brooklyn accent: "Oh, Charlie, Charlie, I could have had class; I could have been a contender; I could have been somebody instead of a bum, which is what I am. . . ." Still, in the Greenblatts' opinion, the saddest part of the movie was not Malloy's disillusion with himself or life but the scene in which a kid sneaks into Malloy's loft "and kills all the boids, right?" We talked about it, waiting for Peewee's pigeons to return from Blain, Pa., 187 aerial miles from Brooklyn. He allowed me to hold a 4-day-old squab. It looked just right for the pot, with nary a feather, as bald as Telly Savalas. Peewee experiments a lot in breeding to get fast homers.

"Never mate two right-handed pigeons or two left-handed pigeons," he advised. I said I never would, if I could figure out which was which. It had to do with the way the tail feathers turned, the laws of aerodynamics and wind versus bird, all very complicated to one who had never done more than drop bread crumbs to derelicts in the street.

Pigeon racing is still a modest venture in the U.S., the Greenblatts told me. No ticker-tape parades for winners as in Belgium. Or $11,500 birds as in Britain. No royal dovecotes such as the one maintained by Queen Elizabeth II, or slick

continued



## Pigeons *continued*

periodicals like *Racing Pigeon Pictorial*, which is lavishly illustrated with color photos of pigeons' eyes and other anatomical details and is published every month in London by—are you ready for this?—the Coo Press.

"Peewee is a walking encyclopedia," said Norman. "Give him his choice of sitting in the coop or taking out Raquel Welch in his cab and he'll choose the coop everytime."

"People should keep their houses as clean as I keep my coop," said Peewee, "or get the vitamins I give my birds." At this point a vitamin-stuffed pigeon went plop on the landing platform outside the coop, and Peewee, a rotund man who stands only 5' 3", rushed to remove the band, or countermark, from the bird's leg. He inserted the countermark into a clock, specifically designed for pigeon racing. It recorded the bird's exact arrival time.

"It's important to train your birds to come down fast," he said. "A pigeon sitting on a TV antenna for a minute, or even 30 seconds, can lose you a race. It doesn't matter what time he comes home if you can't get him clocked."

Brooklyn, especially near Coney Island, is dotted with pigeon fanciers. So is Long Island, and there, out in Islip, a vice-president of the International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers, Ben Feuerbach, races birds with his wife Nona. The South End and Islip clubs belong to an area combine of 400 pigeon racers. The Greenblatts and Feuerbachs meet at banquets, dances and auctions all year long. I called Feuerbach to get more information about the I.F. He invited me out for the weekend, even offered to let me race a bird of my own. He would give me one, he said.

Donning a cloth cap, the insignia of the pigeon racer, I set off for Islip. Ben picked me up at the station.

"Now then," I said, once we were settled in the kitchen of their three-bedroom suburban dovecote, and drawing out a notebook, labeled Personal Pigeon, "what is my bird's name?" It is essential, fanciers say, to establish a one-to-one relationship with your pigeons.

"He's number 2204," said Ben, who considers his hobby a business and has little time to dream up names for 80 homers. It was disappointing to think I would be racing a bird with a mere number for a name.

"If you don't mind, I'll call him Terry Malloy," I said, thus honoring the Greenblatts, Marlon Brando and all those dead birds in *On the Waterfront*. Ben didn't mind. Nona had named a few: the Bomber, who never returned from a 400-mile race; Pegleg, who had an amputated leg and clumped around in the Feuerbach loft like Long John Silver; and Charlie, a pure white cock whose beauty excused the fact that he flew on wings of lead. We got back to the vital statistics of Terry Malloy.

Age? Three years.

Marital status? Mated to a silver hen. Since pigeons are monogamous, the relationship could be expected to continue.

Offspring? One squab. Nona whispered that there had been two, but Ben had culled one. The feeding of more than

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



Liberator John Mehl pulls the latch and entries are off and winging into the sun on trip home.

one squab can take too much out of pigeons expected to race. We went out to the loft, where Ben pointed out Terry Malloy, a blue bar cock. He was sitting on his nest, keeping the squab warm. The silver hen was saying whoo-a, whoo-a, with a flock of other pigeons, on the floor of the coop.

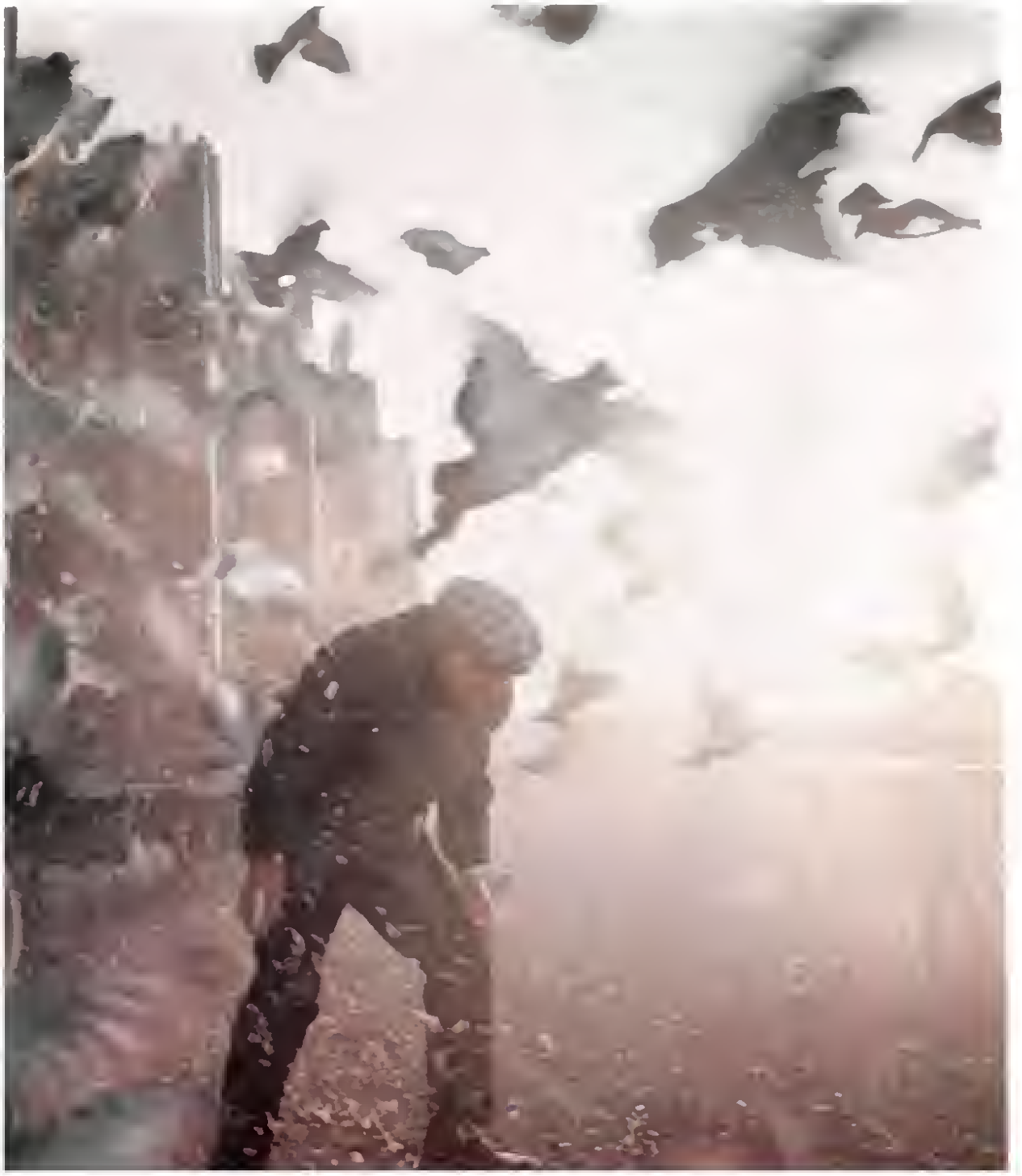
"Isn't Malloy a little mixed up?" I asked. Why was he, instead of she, taking care of the kid?

"Cocks and hens take turns in the nest," Ben explained. "Once the squab is hatched, the cock takes on most of the responsibility for feeding. Hens are a great deal more interested in the eggs, especially when there are signs of movement in them." Malloy's tour of duty was from early morning to five o'clock. "We race hens when eggs are about to hatch. We race cocks when young ones are waiting to be fed." Terry Malloy flapped out of the nest. It was exactly five o'clock.

"How does he know what time it is?"

"He knows," said Ben. Malloy now went after his hen, who flew to the nest and settled down over the squab. My liberated cock waddled across the coop, pecking, the iridescent green of his neck blending into the soft gray-blue of his breast feathers. Ben picked him up, and I stroked his head. "Hi there!" I said. It's hard to know what to say to a pigeon.

*continued*









## Pigeons *continued*

When we got back to the kitchen I asked for Terry Malloy's race record and parentage. Ben got out his worksheets on which each pigeon's history and his breeding are kept.

"If they don't make the worksheet at least once as young birds, out they go," he said. "You can't be Mr. Nice Guy or you'd have an army out there. So if they don't make the grade in racing, I cull them." Culling sounded like a thinly disguised euphemism for assassination. It was. Ben described a pigeon's neck with one hand and made a twisting gesture with the forefinger and thumb of his other hand. Nona averted her eyes. It was, he said, a matter of economy. Since the Russian grain deal, pigeon feed had gone up from $8 per hundred pounds to $19. Even pigeons apparently were feeling the economic squeeze, mostly around their necks. It was encouraging to know that Terry Malloy had survived three seasonal cullings. I opened my Personal Pigeon notebook.

Worksheets indicated that as a young bird Terry Malloy had come in fourth in a race originating at Lebanon, Pa., the same liberation point from which he would be racing for me. His best year had been 1974, and his most impressive showing a flight from Cadiz, Ohio, 410 aerial miles from Islip. He had placed sixth in the Long Island combine, with 36 lofts competing. His showing had been good enough to win a diploma on which his speed of 1.02 miles per minute was recorded, along with the winds, northeast on liberation and southeast on arrival. Malloy had worked hard, fighting head winds, to earn his diploma. Ben got out his breeding book. Malloy's father had been imported from Belgium, a pure Devriendt cock. His mother, a Devriendt blue bar, had come from a loft in California. Good stock? I asked.

"You never know what combination of factors makes a good racing pigeon," said Ben. "Champions don't necessarily breed champions." Fanciers had their own preferences. Feuerbach is an eye-sign man, preferring violet coloration to mustard yellow. "Show me a bird that wins consistently and I'll show you a good eye," he told me.

"There is also the wing theory," Ben continued. "You want a pigeon with good wingspread and feathers laid close together." Malloy had looked sleek as a sheik, his feathers snug as a body suit. Ben planned to send 15 birds to the race. His own hopes were for a bird he called Number 656.

"He's fast, but he has a reputation as a hooker. Sometimes I can't get him down and into the clock. That bum is going to hook once too often and find himself on my plate for dinner."

The day before the race I telephoned the Greenblatts, who were planning to enter their own birds in the event. Brooklyn, according to Ben, was always one of the clubs to beat. I told Norman about the hooker.

"That bird needs more incentive to want to come down. Feuerbach flies natural system?" I said yes. "Peewee flies widowhood. They land like boom," said Norman.

The natural system encourages cocks and hens to fraternize and breed, depending on eggs and young to arouse racing incentive. A cock will rush home to feed his young, a hen will fly faster if she has felt movement in an egg. Feuerbach is toying with the idea of inserting a worm into a hen's egg, a trick to make her think her egg is about to hatch. Widowhood believers keep cocks and hens separated, teasing the cocks an hour before the race by showing them hens. The idea here is that a cock, having been given a good look at a hen, will tear home in hopes of another look. Alas, the cocks and hens are never permitted to get together.

The Islip club, where the fanciers congregate with their personal clocks and crates each Saturday night, is a large, barnlike room. There is no equipment or furniture except for a long table on which the men place their clocks to await bumping time. All clocks are synchronized (bumped) and sealed until the race is over.

We were going to bump at nine o'clock, Ben told me. The crates, with pigeons cooing inside, were stacked along one wall, waiting to be loaded into the truck that would take them 170 miles into Pennsylvania. I found the Feuerbach crate holding Terry Malloy, the hooker and other nameless birds. I reminded Malloy of his glorious history, beginning with the Ark; of the achievements of his kind at time of war, namely one feathered hero named G.I. Joe, who had so distinguished himself in battle during World War II that he had been given the Dickin medal, a sort of British Bronze Star for animals. Recipients to date include 18 dogs, three horses, one cat and 32 pigeons; G.I. Joe is the only American bird to receive the award. So get out there and win was the gist of my pep-talk. Peptalks are best kept simple, especially if you're not sure which bird is Terry Malloy.

Bumping time. The clocks were lined up, their owners hovering over them. Feuerbach announced the time in minutes, then seconds. "Twenty seconds to go . . . 10 seconds . . . ready for bumping." The large room, filled with the buzz of conversation, was suddenly quiet. Only the soft shuffling of almost 700 imprisoned birds could be heard. Then the countdown. Four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . *click*. The men were as tense as if they were involved in a rocket launch to the moon.

Those pigeons on which the men were willing to bet were listed on a blackboard. Gambling is of the nickel-and-dime va-

*continued*



COUNTERMARK IS PUT IN RACE CLOCK

A Chico in hand, Peewee Greenblatt checks on the progress of his homers. When one plops down on platform, he closes in to nab it. Racing birds are always sleek and streamlined.

# How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

Now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, deliver considerably less 'tar' and less nicotine than most cigarettes.

But what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it sure is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

And that's what makes all the difference.




Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine Menthol 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

riety. No one in the U.S. gets wealthy racing pigeons.

Bumping over, the men sent out for coffee and traded stories about other races and favorite birds while Charlie Benincasa supervised the loading of crates onto the truck, a specially built vehicle that opened in sections so that all pigeons would be released simultaneously. Once the pigeons were aboard, Benincasa and liberator John Mehl would start out on the mission, the cooing of the birds mingling with the hum of the engine. They would pick up crates from other clubs until close to 2,500 pigeons had been loaded, then head for Lebanon. Past sleeping towns, darkened houses, an occasional swish of passing cars. Through the night they would drive with their curious cargo. The liberator must be special, responsible. Men's hopes rested on the small winged creatures entrusted to him. At least one liberator, Nona recalled, had apparently flipped, or harbored a grudge, or maybe just got drunk. No one knew exactly where he had released the birds, along the highway, perhaps. "They got home so fast, Ben was running for the clock in his nightshirt," she said. "Then the phone started to ring, with other fanciers reporting their super birds, all coming home in record time."

The birds are released shortly after sunrise. "Just before liberation, they quiet down," said Benincasa. "I think they know. Once released, the birds circle until they get their bearings, then some take off like arrows." On cold mornings, he observed, the birds hang around, as if loath to start the long journey home.

The weather for this first race was not ideal. The East had been subject to strong winds for days. I thought about Malloy in the rumbling truck, soon to brave the sky, perhaps hawks, sudden squalls, high-tension wires. What if the wind stayed strong? How could an eight-ounce pigeon withstand gusts of up to 40 miles an hour, I asked, as we left the club.

"These birds are athletes," said Ben. "We train them like thoroughbreds, toss and exercise them all year long. Besides, they like racing."

"Like it?"

"Don't think for a minute that pigeons just come home in haphazard fashion. They actually race each other. In training, you see one pigeon suddenly dart ahead or give one last spurt of effort to get past the leader."

Sunday morning. Race day. The phone began to ring about seven. The callers wanted to know what time the birds had been released. At eight o'clock, John Mehl telephoned from a diner. The pigeons had been liberated at 7:40 a.m. Winds were north northwest, gusting to 20. A thermometer hanging outside the Feuerbachs' kitchen window registered 30°, but the cold wind shaking the trees made it seem like zero. I wrapped my hands around a cup of coffee. Ben was rushing hither and thither, from the phone inside to the coop outside. Nona was getting breakfast. Out there somewhere, Terry Malloy was winging his way to the loft in Islip. He had a chick to feed. If the psychology of pigeons had been figured correctly, he would be hurrying home to his domestic responsibilities.

At 10:15 another call came in. The birds had been sighted over Howard Beach in Queens at 10:05. Howard Beach is about 30 miles from Islip. The Greenblatts were probably already clocking their birds.

"It won't be long now," said Nona. Feuerbach carried his clock out to the landing platform, vanished into the coop and crated five Chicos, pigeons trained to fly around the loft and land. They act as lures to the returning birds, encouraging them to come down. At the first sign of a homer, Feuerbach would release a Chico. Everything was set, and he rushed into the kitchen to wolf down an egg sandwich.

"Let me know when my bird comes in," I called, as he bolted for the door again.

"Get out here and watch."

I went out, wrapped in a borrowed pea jacket.

"There's one," I called, shivering, and flapping my arms. Feuerbach peered upward, surprised. "That's a seagull," he said tersely.

"Gulls glide, pigeons flap," said 16-year-old Robbie Feuerbach helpfully. Ben froze as a speck appeared high in the sky, soared, then dipped. "It's 656," he yelled jubilantly. Robbie released a Chico, and it flapped to the landing platform. We waited silently as the pigeon approached the loft. It was the hooker, all right. He circled, then veered to the right and took off for some trees. Feuerbach released another Chico. The hooker popped up from behind the trees, ascending in a spiral, then swooping.

"Come down here and get clocked, Meatball," yelled Feuerbach. No other birds had appeared. The hooker was having a fine time. Kept home all winter, he was making the most of his freedom. Down he flapped again as though to land, circled the coop and darted away.

"Look at that bum sticking his chest out, enjoying himself," said Feuerbach in despair. Now all five Chicos were flapping around. The hooker's exuberance, when he finally landed, had cost Ben two to three minutes.

"That's what loses races," he grumbled, echoing Greenblatt.

"He's a good distance bird," said Nona.

"I'll give him distance," said Feuerbach, twisting his thumb and forefinger in the now familiar sinister gesture. Another bird landed, and I said, "Is that one mine?" Each time a pigeon flapped home I said, "Is that Malloy?" but it never was. By the time we went to the club to check in with our clock, I concluded that he must be flying backward.

In less than two hours we had the results of the race. Had the hooker dispensed with frivolity, he might have been the winner. As it turned out, he finished 10th.

As soon as we got back to the Feuerbachs, I ran out to the loft to see if Terry Malloy was waiting on the platform. Not a pigeon in sight. What would happen to the squab waiting to be fed?

"His mother may feed him," said Ben, "or she might not. It's the cock's responsibility." I hung around until almost midnight, then returned disconsolately to Manhattan.

"A hawk may have got him," said Nona, "or maybe the wind blew him off course."

"Oh, he'll come home when he's ready," said Ben on the way to the station. "Maybe he decided to walk." I was not amused.

Nona telephoned about five o'clock the next afternoon. Terry Malloy had just arrived, she said, and every feather seemed to be intact. Ben had fed him, then put him in isolation. If nothing untoward turned up, he would be returned to the coop and his silver hen. Just as well, I told her. He would have a lot of explaining to do about his night on the town.

What can I say about Terry Malloy? He could have had class. He could have been a contender. He could have been somebody instead of a bum, which is what he is. **END**

# The agony and the X rays

**Pictures show that the arthritis in Woodie Fryman's elbow is so bad it is amazing he can pitch at all, let alone go out and win for Montreal**

Woodie Fryman, the Montreal pitcher, has an arthritic elbow. It is his left elbow, the hinge of his pitching arm, and people say it will make him baseball's leading transplant candidate whenever the arm finds its Christiaan Barnard. "It's wild-looking," says Dr. Bob Brodrick, the Expo physician. "From a lateral view on the X ray, the arthritis looks like somebody's necktie. There's a lot of degenerative arthritis in there, and loose bodies—a tremendous number of them—all over the joint. You wonder how he can flex it. It's incredible that he can pitch with it."

*Not* to say astounding that he has won six games so far this year. The arthritis—the same malady that pained Sandy Koufax into retirement—has been there, and escalating since 1971. "If he stopped to worry about it," says Dr. Brodrick, "he'd probably stop pitching." So Fryman doesn't worry. "There's nothing can be done for it," he says with a shrug. "I've always figured if you're going to pitch with a bad arm, you throw as hard as you can as long as you can and let the manager take care of the rest. If you're gone in the first, second, third or whatever, at least you didn't cheat yourself."

The Expos knew before they acquired Fryman from Detroit last winter that the arm was *not perfect*, but they didn't *realize* precisely how imperfect until they saw the X rays—26 games and four Fryman victories into the season.

"When I read an article about his next pitch possibly being his last," says General Manager Jim Fanning, "I guess I *was* concerned. I called Ralph Houk in Detroit after reading the story and he said, 'Very frankly, Jim, I'll take him back in a minute.' But right from the start, it never bothered Gene [Mauch, the Expos' manager] one iota."

Averting one's eyes during Fryman's warmups tends to reduce the discomfort. "If a manager watched me warm up in the last three years he'd never put me in a ball game. I'd never start an inning," Fryman says. "I just grit my teeth and, well, it's miserable, really. In games I can more or less block it out. I've pitched with a knot on my arm as big as a tennis ball, with pus in it where it's swollen. I've had it so bad I couldn't even comb the back of my head or tie my tie."

Nevertheless, Fryman started the season 4-0, pitching three straight shutouts and breaking the club's record for consecutive scoreless innings with 32⅔. He has recently split home-and-home assignments against the Los Angeles Dodgers and is now 6-3 with a 2.60 earned run average, second best on the staff.

Once he survives the warmup, Fryman struggles to get past the first couple of innings. Of the 24 earned runs against him this year, 11 have come in the first inning. "I challenge them as far as I can," he says. "I don't save anything for late. If I get out of the first or second inning, I'll usually go at least five or six."

Fryman pays dearly the next day. The arm hangs limply, locked in the shape of a banana and just as tender. "It's like somebody beat it to death, it's so sore," he says. "But five or six days later it'll be all right. I either quit or pitch with it." And quitting doesn't offer a complete escape. "I'll go home in the winter and strip tobacco all day and it'll feel just like I pitched nine innings."

The root cause of Fryman's aches and pains is to be found in his adolescence in Kentucky. He pitched semipro ball every Sunday from age 13 until he was 25. "I just walked out there and picked the ball up every seventh day, warmed up for 10 minutes, threw as hard as I could for as long as the game went on and never picked it up again until I pitched the next Sunday," he says. "The arm wasn't developed the right way. Then all at once I stepped into the major leagues and—bang-bang—I was out there every fourth day and throwing between starts every second day."

Fryman feels he is most effective now when used every fifth or sixth day, and Mauch employs him accordingly. But then, the two have always got on well. Fryman had a 10-2 record with the Phillies in 1968 when Mauch was fired as manager; he was 2-12 for the rest of that season. All told, Fryman is 16-5 in his two half-seasons with Mauch and 58-75 in between, but Mauch graciously declines to take any credit.

"Pitchers like Woodie Fryman don't need a manager," he says. "When pitchers have that kind of stuff, and that kind of control, it's easy for a manager to make a contribution. Woodie is a good control pitcher even when used irregularly, which fits our needs perfectly. And whatever he's got, he's going to give."

Fryman signed with Pittsburgh for $500 a month in 1966. Two years later he was part of the four-man package the Pirates sent to Philadelphia for right-hander Jim Bunning. The Phillies kept him four years after Mauch was fired, then worked a waiver deal that sent Fryman to Detroit in August 1972. When Montreal got him, the price was two



FRYMAN GIVES THE ARM AN ICE BATH

players, Pitcher Tom Walker and Catcher Terry Humphrey, and it was evident that the rapport with Mauch remained.

The 35-year-old Fryman is an obvious exception in the youth movement the Expos call Phase Two of their development program. On a team averaging 26.04 years of age, he is the senior citizen. "Pitchers are exempt," says Fanning, "because many of them win a lot of games after they're 30 and after they've experienced some arm trouble."

"You put older guys on your pitching staff before you will anywhere else," Fryman says, "because an older guy doesn't get upset when you make mistakes behind him. What have I got to get upset about? My career's about over." When Fryman has sufficient financial security, it will be. "If I could make the same money at home I'm makin' here, I wouldn't be here," he says candidly. "If I had myself set up—completely out of debt, my herd of cattle built up to where I want it and a little nest egg in the bank—I'd probably quit today, or quit this year."

Fryman has a baseball salary of just over $50,000, a tobacco salary of "five or six thousand" and nearly 100 head of cattle on his 214 Kentucky acres. With Woodie working on the nest egg, wife Phyllis stays at home to mind the chores and sons Jeffrey, 11, and Patrick, 10, who also play ball. Jeff, a righthander, pitched a one-hitter in his Little League debut this year, and a day later Woodie matched it against the New York Mets. It was Fryman's third one-hitter in 10 years. "I'm not that good," he said with characteristic modesty.

Wrong. With that elbow, just going out there is good.

## THE WEEK

*(June 15-21)*

**by HERMAN WEISKOPF**

NL WEST Doug Rau, Mike Marshall and Jimmy Wynn have a share-the-ride system when driving to Dodger Stadium. Despite their divergent tastes, there is no argument about what music to listen to in the car, that being the prerogative of the driver. Says Rau, "Mike likes classical, Jimmy soul-brother stuff, and I like country music." The three pooled their talents for a 4–1 victory over the Padres in a 5-2 Dodger week, Rau earning the win, Mar-

*continued*




# What Yashica means to the pet photographer.



Everybody loves pets. Their antics add special warmth to humdrum days. Yashica's Electro 35 GSN can help you capture your pets' glowing moments. It's an automatic camera, very simple to use. A computer brain controls the shutter. You just focus and shoot. The result—quality photographs that'll bring a smile to your face for years to come. And the Electro 35 GSN is budget priced.

At your Yashica Dealer

**"What do I like in a woman?"**



*"Early Times."*




**Early Times. To know us is to love us.**

# Save where it's convenient. At the new Xerox 4500 copier.

If you're like most people in business, you're interested in saving. Especially today. So our new Xerox 4500 copier ought to interest you.

Because that's exactly what it does. It saves. With three features you just can't find in any other copier.

First, the 4500 copier isn't just one of your ordinary every-day copiers. This one also copies on both sides of the same piece of paper, automatically. So naturally it saves paper. And that saves mailing costs. Not to mention saving filing space.

Then there's the built-in sorter. This little penny pincher collects all the copies and puts them together in order, in just seconds. Saving time. And energy. And aggravation.

It even has another time-saving device that takes out the old original and makes room for the new one.

All this saving—conveniently located right in your own office.

The Xerox 4500 copier. It's a copier you can bank on.

XEROX

XEROX® and 4500 are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION


XEROX
XEROX

shall saving it and Wynn pounding out four hits. Andy Messersmith beat Houston 6–1 and San Diego 4–3 for his 10th and 11th victories, and Don Sutton won No. 11, curbing Houston 4–2.

Cincinnati, winning five of six, retained its three-game lead but lost its top pitcher, lefthander Don Gullett (9-3), for a month or more when he broke his left thumb. Johnny Bench hit five doubles, he now has 27 and a good shot at the major league record for catchers (42).

Sunday was doubly disappointing for San Diego fans: the Padres lost 6–0 to the Mets and for the fourth time they were denied the free hamburgers Owner Ray Kroc has promised whenever the team wins on that day. But the Padres (2-5) were encouraged by Brent Strom, who came up from Hawaii and limited the Dodgers to four hits in a 2–1 win.

For the Giants (3-4) Randy Moffitt has been strong in relief, with 11⅔ scoreless innings in his last seven appearances.

Dave May of the Braves hit a grand-slam homer in a 5–1 win over the Reds (Carl Morton pitching a three-hitter) and homered in a 4–2 defeat of the Giants. Tom House saved the Giant game with three innings of perfect relief, coming in with the bases loaded.

*Back in February, Houston Manager Preston Gomez said,* "To be a winner all we need to do is reverse our records against Los Angeles and Cincinnati. We were 9-27 against them last year." Sad to say, last week the Astros lost five in a row to these nemeses; their 1975 record against them is now 3-14.

**CIN 42-28 LA 40-30 SF 32-34**
**SD 31-36 ATL 28-38 HOUS 24-47**

## NL EAST

"This is no ball park, it's an insane asylum." That was Phillie Manager Danny Ozark's assessment of Wrigley Field after four nerve-scraping games there with the Cubs. The Phillies blew 5–1 and 5–0 leads in losing the first two, 9–7 and 9–5. They also frittered away leads in the other two, but a two-run pinch homer by Tommy Hutton gave them a 9–7 win in one and three runs in the 14th made them 6–3 winners in the other. Jay Johnstone hit .421 and Dave Cash .419, and Greg Luzinski took the league lead in homers, at 15, hitting three. On top in batting was Chicago's Bill Madlock, whose .375 week lifted him to .352. Another Cub hitting with oomph was Jerry Morales, who batted .406 for the week with three homers and 10 RBIs.

Montreal, winning six of eight, had its best week of the season. Gary Carter drove in 11 runs and hit .517. Nate Colbert was obtained from Detroit, thinned his sideburns, shaved off his Fu Manchu and, even before his name was announced at Jarry Park, got a standing ovation. He responded by running through a stop sign at third base and sliding home with the run that beat the Mets 7–6.

And there was no catching the Pirates, who lost but once. Dave Parker continued to torment the Cardinals, batting .438 against them to bring his career average versus St. Louis to .442. Pittsburgh's suspect pitching shaped up as Jerry Reuss beat St. Louis 5–0 to lower his ERA to 2.37. And newcomer John Candelaria, a 6′7″ lefty from Staten Island, feasted on lasagna at home and then the Mets, 5–1.

St. Louis and New York both lost five of seven. After a major league-record 303 successive starts, Bob Gibson of the Cardinals was used in relief. He pitched well enough to earn a start against the Cubs, but lost 6–1. Tom Seaver blanked San Diego for his 10th victory and ran his scoreless-inning streak to 28 before the Pirates' Willie Stargell hit a homer, the 358th of his career.

**PITT 38-24 PHIL 38-30 NY 32-28**
**CHI 33-32 ST. L 29-33 MONT 27-32**

## AL WEST

The division had a little of everything: recycled pitchers, starters turned reliever, accusations of signal stealing, the benching of last year's MVP and a heart-to-heart, let's-sort-it-out team meeting. Most successful, as usual, were the A's, who won five of seven. In recent weeks they have received a lift from Jim Perry, Sonny Siebert and Dick Bosman, old hands new to the team, who have come through with effective pitching. So last week the A's tried again, obtaining Stan Bahnsen from the White Sox. Sure enough, he beat the Royals 3–1.

Four of Oakland's wins came in a five-game series in Minnesota. Helping the Twins salvage a 4-4 week were relievers Ray Corbin and Bill Campbell, both of whom started and won. Rookie Centerfielder Dan Ford museled into the Twins' lineup with a .429 bat and five home runs.

Dick Williams, the Angel skipper, accused the Royals of stealing signs and, by whistling, alerting K.C. batters to what pitches to expect. Steve Busby won that affair 3–2 and then put down the A's 4–1.

Owner Brad Corbett has been losing weight (40 pounds in a month) almost as fast as his Rangers have been losing games recently. Unlike the A's, the Rangers (3-4) got no boost from a middle-aged pitcher *they* picked up. Gaylord Perry came over from the Indians and was shelled twice, blowing a 6–0 lead in one game. In a desperation move, Jeff Burroughs, last season's MVP, was benched because he was hitting .171 at home.

With Nolan Ryan out because of a groin injury, California's Frank Tanana earned some strikeout marks by fanning 17 Rangers, a league record for lefthanders, en route to a 4–2 win. Rookie Leftfielder Dave Collins brought his average up to .396 with a .500 week that included five hits in a 12–11 win over Texas in 11 innings.

Chicago Manager Chuck Tanner, an utterly frustrated man, called a team meeting and asked for ideas on how to get the club out of last place. Suggestions were forthcoming, but results were not: the White Sox lost five of six.

**OAK 40-28 KC 38-28 MINN 31-31**
**TEX 33-33 CAL 33-36 CHI 28-36**

## AL EAST

Before a game in Detroit, Boston's Fred Lynn went downtown for a walk. That night he took Tiger pitchers downtown for three homers in the most torrid single-game batting spree in years. Lynn also had a triple and single, and became the second rookie ever to get 10 RBIs in a game, which the Sox won 15–1. (Norm Zauchin of Boston had 10 in 1955.) Lynn's 16 total bases set a major league mark for a rookie and tied the league record. Other Sox chipped in to build a 5-1 week, Rico Petrocelli hitting .478 and Carl Yastrzemski .458. "This team just doesn't believe it can lose," said Yaz. Suiting deeds to words, the Sox seored four runs in the eighth to down the Royals 8–7, four in the 12th to subdue the Tigers 6–2 and stopped the Orioles 4–3 in 12 innings.

New York's depleted outfield suffered more casualties: erstwhile Catcher Rick Dempsey and newcomer Kerry Dineen, both .364 hitters, were felled by injuries. But the Yankees, 5-3, got two wins from Catfish Hunter, three home runs from Graig Nettles and a two-out homer in the ninth from Ed Herrmann that shocked the Brewers 4-2.

Six players contributed mightily as Milwaukee took five of eight. Jim Slaton won twice, Bill Travers had a win and a save and Tom Murphy had his 13th and 14th saves. Providing the offense were Gorman Thomas (.423, 12 RBIs, five homers), Bobby Darwin (.400) and Robin Yount (.382).

"My wife told me not to come home if I wasn't hitting my weight," said Brooks Robinson of Baltimore. Robinson, a 200-pounder, did not satisfy that requirement until the final game of a road trip, two hits raising him to .208 in a 13–6 romp over the Indians. At long last, the Orioles got their first save when Grant Jackson finished up Jim Palmer's 8–3 win over the Indians. Next time out Palmer needed no assistance, finessing Boston 3–0 for his sixth shutout and 12th victory.

Both the Tigers and Indians were 1-5. Detroit pitchers were hammered for 50 runs, their Indian counterparts for 44. What should have been a laugher for the Tigers became a seat-squirmer when they almost wasted a 7–0 lead before squelching the Yankees 10–9. Three homers by Boog Powell of the Indians brought his total to 11.

**BOS 36-28 NY 36-29 MIL 33-31**
**BALT 29-33 DET 26-35 CLEV 24-39**

# "Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."




Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health




Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

## Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

*Shown below: a 1926 Lincoln L-Series Town Car*




*Among cars, there are many famous eights. Among bourbons, there is one.*

# 8-YEAR-OLD WALKER'S DELUXE

© 1974 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC PEORIA, ILL. | STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

# Hate went a long way—but not four miles

**Washington's Huskies had been beaten twice in the past year by Harvard's arrogant champions, and they came East steaming for revenge. But, in a race both agreed was an ultimate test, the Crimson never had to look around**

The ultimate test in rowing: that is what both Harvard and Washington had called it, a rare four miles of searing lungs and faces contorted with pain, matching the two best college crews in America. The Huskies had come to Connecticut's Thames River for a rematch with the Crimson, and for revenge. They had lost at home last year over 2,000 meters, outdone by smooth Harvard oars and loud Harvard mouths, and lost again earlier this year to a more subdued Harvard in San Diego. So by race time last week the Huskies were seething. If pent-up resentment were to be decisive, they would win by a mile.

But off the line, Harvard shot ahead—by a few seats immediately, by a length at the mile marker, by two lengths at two and by three at the end. In 20 minutes and 14 seconds, Washington's fierce hope had ended. It would be another frustrating summer in Seattle, with the memory of a happy Harvard voice yelling, "Awesome, Shealy, awesome," and of an all-too-familiar one crowing back, "No, decisive."

The happy voice wore a blazer and club tie and was at the postrace party in the striped tent beside the river, where great platters of steaks were being consumed. And the familiar cocky voice was that of Harvard's Alan Shealy—brilliant at stroke, profane (though less so than last year) and Washington's pet hate. To the forlorn Huskies, the posh trappings of Harvard rowing and the abrasive Shealy were symbols of decadence that had been fuel for the fire that possessed them. All week they had taken turns stoking the blaze.

And Shealy, enjoying himself, played them like a puppet master. Two days before the big race, during a coxswains' race, he sat aboard a moving launch and manned Harvard's funnelator, a powerful sling devised for launching water balloons, and one of them squarely hit a Husky cox.

"A shoddy performance, only one direct hit," said Washington coach Dick Erickson, who seemed much less concerned with vendettas than his crew.

On the following day Shealy referred to the Huskies as "barbarians," and they were boiling. "It isn't just Shealy's guts I hate," said bow-oar Chris Allsopp. "They're all a bunch of elitist prep school types. We go back to our summer jobs, and they go back to their clubs. They're proud of their arrogance, and it goes against the way we've been brought up.

"It'll be so nice to win. I don't think I'll resist the temptation to say, 'How does humiliation feel, Al baby?' "

"It's become personal," said Husky Captain Dwight (Ike) Roesch, the quietest man in the boat.

"Don't you just hate a winner?" seven-oar Fred Fox ground out. And that seemed to be the Huskies' real gripe with Harvard—that pervading sense of rock-ribbed self-assurance. The Huskies talked of winning just as often, but the Harvards *acted* like winners, sometimes subtly, sometimes overtly, but the attitude was at their core, and Washington was uncomfortable with it. As five-oar Mark Umlauf said, "The Harvard ethic seems to be that if you can't be the best, then you better not be."

It did not occur to Washington that this outlook could have something to do with the winning of crew races, especially those of four miles. By way of contrast was Dick Erickson's mild-sounding call to battle before the race: "I like to think we're good enough to race Harvard."

Harvard Coach Harry Parker wasn't saying much, as usual, but he had prescribed a killing pace for the first mile. And he said, with utter confidence, that the Washington oarsmen would not be able to keep up.

Harvard Captain Blair Brooks bought that analysis before the race. "It's a little disconcerting knowing you're going to be pushed four miles," he said.

"You've got to live with your fatigue for 15 minutes. But it's nice to be able to prove again, unequivocally, that we're national champions."

Both crews were as much concerned with the distance as with each other. Washington had never raced that far, and though Harvard has an annual four-mile race with Yale, the two crews have not been competitive recently. Harvard's winning margin this year of 11 lengths over Yale was typical. Shealy said, "We've never had a four-mile race, just a four-mile row."

"I guess the distance was my idea," Harry Parker said.

"I could have been the one to suggest it," Dick Erickson also said. He observed that prior to 1963 most college rowing in this country was at distances of two, three and four miles and that the change to the 2,000-meter Olympic distance had begun only after 1960 in Rome, where the U.S. failed to win a gold medal in the eight-oared event for the first time since 1912. "When that happened, rowing went paranoid," Erickson said. "I don't believe it was in the best interests of college rowing. Long rowing requires an efficiency and a discipline that has tremendous carry-over to shorter distances.

"It's the ultimate test in eight-oar rowing. It adds a new dimension, the ability to endure over a long period of time. Watching my guys train, I could read their minds by who had fire in his eye, who looked scared and who was looking for the finish."

At shorter distances earlier in the day Washington gained some satisfaction by winning both the freshman and second varsity events. But in the big race the pressures of four miles were just what Erickson had seen them to be.

Later, on the dock, Al Shealy was waving his arms in jubilation, and Fred Fox, who still did not like a winner, was saying, "We know they're the best, but *he* doesn't have to let us know." END

# A voice for those long silent

**That muted majority, the Olympic athlete, finally has a forum. The question is, will anybody listen?**

As far as the average fan is concerned, Olympic competitors are seldom seen and rarely heard. They look good on color TV and in photography books, as do racehorses. With few exceptions they tend to be names without personalities, their activities obscured by other sports events between Olympiads.

"We're mystery people," says Micki King, gold medal winner in three-meter springboard diving in Munich. "We have our place in the sun once every four years and then we disappear. We're forgotten. Nobody wants to hear from us or about us. People understand Joe Namath, but they just don't understand us—and so they ignore us."

But U.S. Olympians, a group traditionally as amorphous and silent as a cluster of amoebas, are beginning to make some noise. The change came about after the Munich Games, a catalytic horror show in the estimation of most athletes. "Even disregarding the terrorism, there was something very, very wrong," said Ed Williams, a biathlon competitor. To appease its grumbling athletes, in 1973 the staid United States Olympic Committee founded the Athletes' Advisory Council, an arm of the USOC to be run by athletes, one from each Olympic sport. The AAC began with many dreams and much uncertainty. "We're what the Olympics supposedly are all about," said Micki King, voted the first AAC head. "All we're asking is for a long-overdue voice."

When the AAC held its third meeting last month in a Denver hotel, the 26 representatives of the Winter and Summer Games appeared so businesslike in their suits and dresses that they could hardly be distinguished from a teachers' convention down the hall. "We could look more like a circus," admitted one athlete, "but our 7-foot basketball players, 4-foot gymnasts and 300-pound wrestlers aren't here."

Diversity came in the athletes' views of how successful their venture had been to date. Most felt a tentative, if limited, satisfaction. Advances had been made in ticket distribution and general "impact." But some were so angered by USOC rejections of their suggestions that they advocated disbanding the AAC to attract public attention and to force the Olympic Committee's hand. "The big guys gave us the AAC to quiet us," said Jim Melcher, a fencer. "But now they're afraid they've created a Frankenstein."

Certainly the athletes were being candid. Dianne Holum, a gold medal speed skater at 1,500 meters, seemed deeply relieved to be free of the say-nothing attitude forced upon her, and most Olympic-class athletes, from an early age. "You're always taught to compete and accept things as they are," she said. "I never complained; I accepted. I was always afraid to go to the officials about anything. And now that I'm a coach I see that my kids are acting the same way. I want to change that."

As the Denver meeting progressed, a good deal of rancor was touched off, most of it directed at the USOC. Coming in for repeated attack was the very size of the Olympic Committee, a conglomerate with input from organizations as diverse as the AAU, the National Rifle Association, the Catholic Youth Organization and the Boy Scouts. "Do you realize that of the $11 million generated for each Olympics, less than 50% makes it past the administration?" said Williams. "We're a charitable organization, a tax write-off. We should be as efficient as the March of Dimes."

A proposed constitutional article drawn up by the USOC and entitled "Athletes' Bill of Rights" was one issue provoking special hostility. It was attacked for not having implemented any of the athletes' suggestions and for reaffirming their positions as pawns of any educational institution they attend. "This is a farce," said one member. "The USOC is saying it won't go to bat for anyone once a school makes a ruling about the student's eligibility for the Olympics or Pan-American Games. It's not a Bill of *Rights*, and it's not for athletes."

At this point, Miguel de Capriles, a silver-haired lawyer with the demeanor of a favorite grandfather, stepped in. As the representative of the USOC, he urged the athletes to take it easy. "In a structured society athletes must live within the sys-

continued




MICKI KING, DIVING INTO THE ISSUE




# Never underestimate the power of an Opel.

**Introducing the special edition fuel-injected Opel.** Face it. We're a nation that's grown up on big cars and big engines. The idea of a small, economical car with real underhood wizardry is still something of an enigma to us.

So, when you decide to purchase the new fuel-injected Opel, be prepared to handle a barrage of inquiries from "Where's the carburetor?" to "What'll she do?" to "Howzit work?".

But it isn't actually how fuel injection works that's important. It's what it does. And what it does is take a car with supple suspension, with front and rear stabilizer bars, with reclining bucket seats, with meticulous engineering—and transform it into something with real response when you prod the throttle.

The new fuel-injected Opel. It's a beautiful little piece of machinery. But when you go tooling around in one, be prepared. The local assortment of car buffs may want to ask you a few questions.

BUICK'S OPEL

***Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.***




# When playing golf is work-what do you do for fun?

Riding a bike is a great answer. It's good fun. Great exercise. And it's a fun sport to share. That's why Barbara and Jack Nicklaus bike.

Murray bicycles are a great way to take up this kind of fun. After all, Murray makes more bicycles than anyone.

MURRAY®

THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027



tem," he said. "No one is totally free."

"Free?" spluttered one athlete. "Who's talking about freedom? We're talking about being *protected*."

As the debate continued, with much deference to de Capriles' judgments, one of the athletes commented, in an aside, that it was too bad the USOC hadn't sent "one of these obstreperous old executives who's always talking about when *he* was in training. Then you'd see some real bombs go off."

Specific grievances were read from a list to be presented to the USOC. Though the athletes took great pains with the wording, most of the requests seemed so benign and sensible, in an age of no-cut contracts, bonus Cadillacs and hairpiece endorsements, as to verge on the ludicrous. A girl wanted winter boots that didn't turn her feet blue for a week. Others asked for accurate lists of starting times and for better conveyances to events (recalling the plight of Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, America's best 100-meter men, who missed their heats in Munich). All requested more doctors and trainers. Swimmer Steve Genter recalled a time when he needed medical assistance and the U.S. doctors were elsewhere diagnosing the problems of a runner from Malagasy Republic. Many said they would appreciate warmer warmups and different soles on winter parade shoes. "As we came down the ramp into the stadium, people started sliding," said Mike Elliott, the Nordic skier. "The ambulance was hauling people off. There were three broken arms before the Games even started."

A list of approved medicines was called for, to avoid the plight of swimmer Rick DeMont, who had his gold medal revoked because of medication he took for asthma. Also attacked was the U.S. Olympic track insignia, which in Munich weighed more than the jerseys it was sewn on. "When you started jogging, the patch swung back and forth like a pendulum," said marathoner Kenny Moore.

All in all, the requests seemed about as controversial as starting blocks. "But you've got to remember that the Olympics is Big Business," one athlete said, "and to the USOC we're just a bunch of scatterbrained teenyboppers."

Representatives of judo and luging, two of the most neglected sports, provided detailed reports. Paul Maruyama, a short, muscular, fourth-degree black

belt, took the floor first and painted a picture of a judo fraternity vastly underfunded, leaderless and chaotic. "At the Olympic trials at Temple University the officials arbitrarily changed the rules in the middle of competition, and the athletes nearly rioted," he said. "Instead of talking it over, the officials simply called in the campus police. They came with drawn guns."

The lugists said that their USOC-appointed coach had never been on a sled or a track and that he skipped one two-week training period to vacation in the Bahamas. "It's hard enough just getting to Lake Placid, the only place in America with a luge track," said Kathy Homstad of Goleta, Calif. "Well, actually it's only a bobsled run. And, of course, we have to pay our way there twice a year. Fortunately, I got married and my husband supports my habit."

One of the last items on the Denver agenda was a proposal to limit terms on the AAC. The athletes were imposing this regulation on themselves. It was decided that no one could serve on the AAC unless he or she has competed internationally during the previous two Olympiads. "Has-been athletes lose touch," said Micki King. "Look at the USOC officials. They were all athletes once. I guess I'll be there someday, too."

Someone asked King if it weren't possible that amateur athletes, if they gained substantial power, might not become overly concerned with the trappings of sport; in short, greedy.

She shook her head. "No. And I'll tell you why. Amateurs by their very nature are into self-satisfaction, not ripping-off. Professional athletes laugh at us, asking what we've got to look forward to after competition. Well, the answer, in a sense, is nothing. And that's just it. The competition itself must be the goal."

The meeting ended with expressions of hope, but at least a few athletes remained pessimistic, reminding the council that its proposals were still just that. And everyone knew that the USOC, having created the AAC, could always dissolve the group if it proved too annoying a gadfly. In that case, a strike by amateur athletes would be their only recourse. And that is something in which the Olympians would rather not be involved. "We need public sympathy," said one. "And strikes, well, America isn't too big on them. Especially against something as beloved as the Olympics." **END**



BOXING / *Pat Putnam*



Boring in confidently, Ruben Olivares (*left*) figured, "Why wait? I knew how weak he was."

# *Chacon was from hunger*

**The featherweight champ steamed and starved and finally made the limit. But there was the well-fed challenger just licking his chops**

Bobby Chacon, the featherweight champion of the world, stared down at his dinner plate in disgust. It contained three slices of tomato and some lettuce all untouched. There was also a small mound of pieces of sirloin. The steak had been chewed, but not swallowed. "It's just not worth all this torture," Chacon said sadly. "I'm so weak I can't keep my balance. Fight? Huh, I can't even walk."

Two nights later—last Friday at the Forum in Los Angeles—Chacon, painfully thin and woefully weak, would fall under the fists of Ruben Olivares. It would take less than six minutes and although he would make more than $150,000 it would cost him the World Boxing Council title. And he would smile and say, "It was some fine way to end a crash diet."

But now, as Chacon stared down at the remains of his dinner in the small dining room of the Pico-Burnside Baths in downtown Los Angeles, there was only pain and the thought that he would have to endure it for another 48 hours.

Two weeks before the fight, Chacon had weighed 140 pounds. That's 14 pounds more than a featherweight is allowed. He had boxed more than 200 training rounds and put in another 150 on the heavy bag, but it just wasn't doing the job.

"For breakfast he was having two poached eggs and dry toast," said Fran Ginn, his manager and brother-in-law. "So we took away the toast. Then we took away the eggs."

And they headed for the steam rooms at Ellis Pasovoy's baths. Each night an attendant would beat Chacon with a whip of eucalyptus leaves to open his pores. Then he would turn up the heat. "Look," complained the attendant, "I've lost 16 pounds since I met the guy."

For Chacon, the loss in weight was much less dramatic. Three days before the fight he was still six pounds over the limit and the strength which had brought him 24 knockouts in 27 fights was fading fast. "I can't stand it," he said. "I can't eat, I can't sleep. I'm dying of thirst. It's like I'm pregnant: I've got cravings. All I can think about is hot dogs and root beer."

"Bobby has always had a weight problem," said Ginn. "I remember when he fought Danny Lopez in a non-title bout last year. Bobby would go to bed and then three guys would sit there to keep him away from the icebox. Sometimes we had to tackle him. There were some wild nights."

The problem is simple—in the three years the 23-year-old Chacon has been fighting professionally he has matured into a natural lightweight. But when a fighter steps up in class, which Chacon now surely must, he often has to start over down the list. "But I've been at the bottom before," Chacon says wryly. "The real bottom. Dope, stealing, one step away from them closing the door on me."

That was in high school and all Chacon's fights were on the street. He carried a blackjack in his lunch pail. He had been arrested for stealing, for possession of drugs. One day he took on four guys in an alley and his girl friend Valery, now his wife, said she had had enough. "You want to fight, go to a gym," she said. "Or just go away."

Chacon went to the gym. "The only thing in the world I was afraid of was losing her," he said. He won his first 19 fights, was stopped by Olivares two years ago, and then won the next seven—two of them title bouts. Now he had to face Olivares again, the jaunty Mexican playboy who at 28 seemed just a step away from obscurity.

Olivares is a folk hero of Mexico, but he has been slipping badly the last few years, with only an occasional bright moment. Twice the bantam champion, he had won and then lost the featherweight title in 1974. A crunching hooker with either hand, he had scored 70 knockouts in 83 fights, but when he moved up in

*continued*

# Our cigarette is More.




Put your cigarette against it.

Compare your cigarette to ours and you'll find that ours is More. The first 120 millimeter cigarette. More in every way except price.

Long, lean and burnished brown, More has more style. It has more flavor. It has more. Over 50% more puffs than a 100mm cigarette. Yet More doesn't cost more.

And whether you smoke regular or menthol cigarettes, you can get more going for you. Because both More and More Menthol deliver quality like you've never experienced before.

They smoke slower and draw easy for more enjoyment. They're more flavorful. Yet they're surprisingly mild.

They're More.

More and More Menthol. They sit neat in your hand like they were made for it and fit your face like they found a home.




**The first 120mm cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Filter, Menthol. 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.*

English Leather Deodorant Stick.

One Man. One Scent.

Why have one scent fighting another? When you use our After Shave, complement it with our Deodorant Stick. It's full of that same clean fresh English Leather® scent.

With one application you get plenty of long-lasting coverage and deodorant protection. And it's *your* personal deodorant. Only you use it.

Pick up a stick soon. So your underarms won't smell like something else.




Deodorant Stick $1.35

Available in Canada

MEM COMPANY, INC., Northvale, N.J. 07647 © 1974



weight class his punches became less deadly, which is not unusual. He lost confidence in his hooks and became a boxer, circling instead of boring in as he had in the past. He has a fondness for tequilla, for *muchachas* and for the *cucaracha*, and when Olivares did train, which wasn't often, it was without spirit.

"But not this time," said Armando Muniz, a friend and U.S. welterweight champion. "Olivares is training at about 80%, and that is 25 more than he has ever done. He's even quit drinking, except for a couple of beers."

Word of a serious Olivares filtered back to Mexico, where he still ranks right up there with Benito Juarez. Mexicans ask their fighters to be brave, not sober. Now in Olivares they had both, if only for a brief spell. Still, they forgave him. "In Mexico, people don't care what Ruben does with his life," said Ramon Marques, a writer for *Excelsior* of Mexico City. "The history of our boxing is that the boxer-drunks are the most popular because the poor people like to drink a little, too. They like to see that their heroes are just like them. Some people say Olivares is a bad example, that he has three houses with two wives and a lover and five, six, seven kids. But the poor people would like to have that, too."

On the night before the fight, while Olivares relaxed in his hotel room, Chacon spent an hour and a half in a sauna. He staggered out at 129, three pounds away. The next morning he went back. And then came the 10:30 a.m. weigh-in. Olivares was there two hours early, stretched out on a couch in the Forum lobby.

"You going to make 126?" Promoter Don Fraser asked Chacon.

"I'll probably make 120."

They weighed Olivares first. He came in at 125¼. Then Chacon stripped down. Olivares looked at him wide-eyed.

"My God, he looks like a survivor of the Bataan Death March," said Jack Disney, a Forum publicity man.

"He's so thin," said Valery, the champion's wife, "I could wrap my arms around him two or three times."

Chacon stepped on the white Detecto scale. It read 124½ pounds. "They boiled him too long," said a stunned reporter. "He's a whole pound and a half under. It's stupid."

Olivares was grinning. "He said he was going to knock me out in three rounds. Well, I just saw him. I'll knock him out in one or two."

"Ruben's wife could knock him out," someone said.

"Which wife?" someone asked.

With Chacon in under the limit, the Forum quickly sold its last 3,000 seats. That put the live gate over $400,000, a record for a featherweight fight anywhere. For his share, Olivares would receive $60,000, plus all the TV and radio rights in Mexico.

By fight time close to 19,000 people had jammed into the Forum and the large security force eyed them nervously. The cops were wisely wearing white crash helmets; Mexican fight fans have been known to dismantle arenas. Occasionally, they set the Forum on fire—one night they set 50—but this time they were content just with firecrackers and cherry bombs, most of which went off to accompany a long version of the Mexican national anthem.

Then the bell rang. Chacon came out slowly, almost wearily, wearing a curious, lopsided smile of disdain. Olivares banged him, and Chacon winced. "It was my first punch and he buckled," Olivares said later. "I knew then it would not last long."

Reverting to his old style, Olivares bored in, firing with both hands. Chacon fought like a man sleepwalking. He did nothing except survive. He went back to his corner, sighed and said, "It's going to be a long night."

But it wasn't. Olivares came out swinging and dropped Chacon with a crushing left. "Why wait," he said. "Twice in the first round I grabbed him and pulled. He offered no resistance. I knew how weak he was." Chacon lay with his head resting on the lower strand of the ropes, staring up at Referee Larry Rozadilla. Slowly he pulled himself up at the count of eight. Thirty seconds later he was down again. Once more he staggered to his feet. Then Olivares penned his foe in a corner and started banging away to the head with both hands. Chacon was defenseless. Rozadilla stepped in and stopped the fight. It was a wise move.

Later Chacon sat in his dressing room and wondered where his strength had gone. Except for a slight bruise, his handsome face was unmarked. "I had nothing. My legs were gone. I was awful," he said.

Then he looked up and grinned. "But I guess everyone could see that, couldn't they?" **END**



# The best GT car in its class.

*Road & Track* names Datsun 280-Z
"Best sports-GT car, $5,500 to $8,000"

The new fuel injected Datsun 280-Z makes its bow in America with a rare honor indeed. It's been named one of the 10 best cars for a changing world in the June issue of *Road & Track* magazine. At $6,284* the Z took top spot in the "Sports-GT cars, $5,500 to $8,000" category.

The new 280-Z has computerized fuel injection for instant acceleration, great mileage and better emission control. The 280 carries on the Z-Car heritage of superior technology with its new 2800cc overhead cam engine, fully independent suspension and transistorized ignition, as well as a long inventory of standard comfort and performance features. Test-drive the new 280-Z and 280-Z 2+2.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for 280-Z two-passenger with standard 4-speed transmission, excluding tax, license, transportation and dealer prep if any



Datsun 280-Z



# AND THE ROCKET'S RED GLARE

**. . . bombs bursting in air have long made the Fourth of July a star-spangled festivity, but few can hold a Roman candle to the author in knowing the facts and fancy about fireworks**

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON


CONTINUED

*"What are fireworks like?" she had asked. . . .*

*"They are like the Aurora Borealis," said the King, "only much more natural. I prefer them to stars myself, as you always know when they are going to appear. . . ."*

—OSCAR WILDE
*The Remarkable Rocket*

The great thing was to do it yourself—just the nudge of a lighted punk to a fuse, a small commitment that seemed so insignificant, and yet the result was so decisive and visible . . . the sudden puff of a colored ball emerging from the long tube of a Roman candle, the quick rush and fading hiss of a rocket, the popping busyness of lawn fountains that smoked and sputtered and sent the family cat scurrying under the porch. Anyone could do it. Fireworks provided a sort of equalizer, especially for those who were not good at sports and knew they were doomed to spend the long summer afternoons in the far reaches of right field. They, too, on the Fourth of July had the capacity to create something just as satisfactory as a base hit—and make a big racket about it besides—with only the requirement of nerve enough to approach the brightly papered device on the lawn to set it off.

The next best was when evening came, and out beyond the band shell in the park the professionals went to work with their show—mysterious shapes moving in the twilight out where finally a red flare would glow—and the commemoration would get under way of the day that John Adams, on July 3, 1776, 24 hours before the Declaration of Independence was formally adopted, wrote would be "celebrated by succeeding Generations . . . to be solemnized with Pomp and Parade . . . Bonfires and Illuminations from one End of this Continent to the other, from this Time forward forevermore."

Fireworks have always been a traditional means of observing triumphant occasions. As far back as 1532, Charles V, ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, had "fireworkers" in his army (as distinct from gunners) whose function was to put on victory displays. The emperor was a timid man (he was well known for his fear of mice and spiders) though a brave warrior, and one imagines him taking a great deal more pleasure in the fireworks than in the proceedings that led to the celebration.

In later times the celebration became more extensive. The coronation of Czar Alexander II in 1855 was extolled with a fireworks extravaganza staged on a 50-acre site, a band of 2,000 instruments and a choir of 1,000 voices that had to strain to be heard not only above the fireworks but a supplementary corps of artillery.

Most productions of any size in the 18th century were staged against an entire backdrop outfitted to shoot off rockets and firepots, a "temple" it was called, usually constructed in the form of the facade of a large building flanked by columned porticoes. One of the largest temples ever built was put up in London to observe the peace treaty ending the War of the Austrian Succession, an enormous facade 410 feet long and 114 feet high that took six months to build. The Royal Laboratory made a total of 10,650 rockets, shells and pinwheels to be shot out of the thing, and a special team of Italians was sent over to see to the proceedings. Handel composed his *Music for the Royal Fireworks* for the occasion, a score that called for a noise level not only of fireworks but 100 brass cannons at its conclusion. Just as the performance started, an argument broke out in the temple among the staff—hardly the sort of place for tempers to flare—and, sure enough, an explosion went off, and a fire began that destroyed part of the structure. The show continued throughout all this, but it was a ragged performance at best, and by midnight—the staff continuing to glare at each other, firepots close at hand—much of the fireworks material provided by the Royal Laboratory had yet to be used. The critics were harsh, and subsequent displays relied less on ornate backgrounds.

The guiding figure in the history of fireworks was Charles Thomas Brock, the patriarch of an English family that since the 18th century had manufactured and exhibited fireworks in the amusement parks of England and continental Europe. The firm still exists, one of the largest in the world. The Brocks were famous for putting on fiery representations of such spectacles as the "Eruption of Mount Etna," "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," "The Forge of Vulcan." The patriarch's programs, which went on for 70 years at London's Crystal Palace, brought to a fine art the use of lances, small cigarette tubes linked together on a scaffolding to trace out brightly burning words, floral designs, portraits and scenes. As many as 35,000 lances were used in some of *Brock's* faocier concepts, which were set on 80-foot-high panels as long as two football fields. Crowds of 80,000 paid to watch. Portraits were a particular fashion of the late 19th century: the set pieces would begin with a vast floral design of different colors that, as the sparks and smoke drifted downwind, would turn into a portrait of some well-known figure of the day, perhaps a pair of them, their features outlined in white fire.

Portraiture was once a considerable part of American public fireworks, too, one of the staples of a turn-of-the-century Fourth of July being the fiery visage of "Theodore Roosevelt, Our President" burning above the outfield grass in baseball parks. Some of the set pieces worked like moving cartoons—a donkey kicking a man whose head would fly off and explode with a *pop*; an elephant dipping his trunk into a bucket and spraying up a fountain of fire. Then the emphasis began to turn to aerial displays of rockets and, increasingly, shells. Even some of the set pieces were adapted to fly into the air, including the girandole, a device with a profusion of radiating and revolving rockets. Lifting rockets were ultimately added to this type of ground device so it could spin off a center pole into the air like a whirligig top.

Felix Grucci, the 70-year-old head of

a pyrotechnics family in Bellport, N.Y., remembers one so large that it was carried by four men who heaved it up, one-two-three-ho! on its center pole, and then backed off hurriedly when the fuse was lit. The contraption began to revolve slowly and then faster, dropping a circular curtain of fire as the lifting rockets ("They had 400 of those under it, I swear") began to move the huge disk up the pole and then off, free in the air, spinning like an eerie flying saucer as it rose high into the sky, changing color as it went.

The airborne girandoles are no longer popular. The smaller models had a tendency to tip and scale off in odd, unpredictable directions, and even the big ones, however stable, could be blown off course, or the lifting rockets would fizzle, and the contraption would come down slowly, still functioning busily, the people looking up and yelling and abandoning their picnic baskets and fine quilted comforters to the immense fiery disk settling comfortably down like a starfish descending on an oyster bed.

These days the usual aerial firework consists of a round canister, in dimension not unlike a biscuit tin, wrapped in brown kraft paper that is loaded into a mortar, the fuse sticking out. When it's lit, a charge at the bottom of the canister propels the firework up into the air, tumbling it end over end as a time fuse burns until the fire reaches another charge that breaks open the container at the apex of its climb and ignites small cubes of different mineral salts that spray into the air and burn in the familiar clusters of the aerial display. The diameter of the container ranges from three to 12 inches, the latter a projectile more than four feet in length that weighs almost 200 pounds and is shot out of a huge mortar a small boy could hide in, with iron handles on the side so that two men can lurch it into position. This firework goes up almost 900 feet in the air, and its burst seems to cover an acre of sky. Robert Jani, who is in charge of entertainment for the Disney Corporation, ordered a 12-inch shell in Taiwan that bursts open at an astonishing height in a vast chrysanthemum of red, white, blue and gold, the design hanging in the sky momentarily, and then under it a dozen or so smaller chrysanthemums suddenly popping open . . . all of it in perfect radial symmetry like a gigantic umbrella over a circle of parasols. Jani bought five of these shells for Disney (one will be set off at Disneyland and one at Disney World this Fourth of July), and he speaks of them as one might rhapsodize over a dusty cellar rack of great chateau wines.

Many of the shells shot off in domestic shows are imported from different countries. Each nation has its own characteristics. The French are famous for the preciseness of their colors and the dazzling effect of their multiple-break shells. Brazilian fireworks are remarkably sharp and full of novelty, with stars that dart and change color two or three times. Americans specialize in multiple-break shells that give birth to one cluster after another, the crowds on the slopes of the hill counting as the shell performs ". . . one, two, three . . ." on up to seven on occasion, which is the highest number of bursts built into such shells. The Spanish often use old-fashioned rockets in their huge municipal displays; in Madrid during the Feast of Saint Fermin the streets echo softly with the patter of hundreds of rocket sticks falling back to the cobblestones. Italian fireworks tend to noise, a great deal of noise. Almost every pyrotechnics outfit is aware that at Italian feast day celebrations nothing pleases the guests at the long tables set out under the trees so much as an evening of increasing cannonading with what firework people call "maroons," aerial bombs that go off with a bright, noisy flash. "Don't worry about color. Think *bombardment*," says one technician. "That's what gets them pounding their fists on the table."

The shells from the Orient are round rather than conical, with long, quick-burning fuses that hang like a clutch of gourds or shrunken heads from a pyrotechnician's hand as he moves around the firing grounds. When the shells break open, they fling out what is becoming a familiar sight in American skies—a quick radial burst of stars very much like the spread of flowers like chrysanthemums, which is what they have come to be called. A fancy shell of that variety will have a tag on which is handwritten in spidery script: Twice Color Chrysanthemum with Pistils, Silver Tail and Ascending Comets.

With the U.S. importing an increasing number of foreign shells, fireworks shows are becoming not only more beautiful and varied, but more sophisticated. In the old days, a public exhibition could get by with half an hour's worth of shells indiscriminately fired into the air, one at a time, interspersed with an occasional set piece showing a flag, and then invariably a message reading GOODNIGHT as the finale was touched off. Present-day fireworks shows, at least the more expensive ones, often use considerable production effects and are themselves used in supporting roles: at a mid-May show over Sheep Meadow in New York City's Central Park that was produced by Disney for Macy's department store, $20,000 worth of fireworks were set off to provide an 11-minute, somewhat overpowering accompaniment to *Stars and Stripes Forever* played by the American Symphony Orchestra.

There have been technical advances as well. Electric firing can put a large number of shells into the air at the same time in "flights." The shells themselves have been improved: the Chinese have perfected one whose components include large red stars that seem to glitter in the sky for as long as 20 seconds. One of these went off above Sheep Meadow and the couples on their picnic blankets sat up to see if they could spot the parachutes that surely were holding the stars aloft. A remarkable innovation, the process involves disks of light paper that have been prepared to burn on only one side as they flutter down.

The People's Republic of China has become a major supplier of fireworks for the U.S., not only because of the high and innovative quality of its products but because domestic companies do not have adequate facilities to meet the national demand, particularly in a bicentennial year.

Pat Moriarty, who is the president of Red Devil Fireworks in Anaheim, Calif., has been to the PRC five times to shop for fireworks. He was one of three major U.S. distributors asked to the main-

*continued*

land by the Chinese within weeks after trade relations were established following Nixon's visit. The Chinese put on a series of gigantic shows for their guests, often as long as two hours in duration, an almost overwhelming experience considering the vast effort and expense, not to mention the ostentation, of a firmament full of fireworks for the benefit of the three Americans sitting in camp chairs and looking up into the evening sky. In Canton the Chinese politely asked if the Americans would mind if some others were invited to watch. Not at all, said the Americans, aghast that they had to be asked, and within half an hour the stadium where the demonstration was to occur filled with 10,000 people.

Often at such shows the spectators receive mimeographed programs listing the sequence of displays, the name of the shells in order of their appearance and a brief description of what they are going to do. The shells are given splendidly evocative names: Dragon Chasing a Bull, with Silver Ram and Thunder; Monkeys Invade the Heavenly Palace.

The fancier names do not survive their importation. Charles Anderson, who comes from Florence, Ala. and was in the PRC representing the firm of American Importers, says that he feels the names are too exotic for American tastes. "That one about the monkeys invading the palace we changed to Sky Monkeys. But then sometimes the names are just right. There's one shell they've called Red Silk, and another called Flower-Scattering Child, and we're keeping those just as is."

Aerial fireworks such as these are officially labeled Class B and are only available to skilled pyrotechnicians for licensed shows. Anderson is also a distributor of commerical fireworks—the Class C category of Roman candles, cones, fountains and certain types of sky rockets—many of which it is legal to buy in about half the states. The Chinese delighted him on one of his trips with two 15¢ items: a device called a Ground Bloom Flower (he kept the name for his U.S. sales), which spins on the ground and opens like a flower blossoming in a high-speed film, and the Jumping Wheel, which revolves once, jumps approximately 12 inches in the air, then spins again, jumps . . . a process it repeats three times. These commercial devices were shown to several American buyers at a banquet in Canton beside an emptied Olympic-size swimming pool in which the displays were set off. Anderson could not get over the craftsmanship that had gone into these 15¢ items. "That Jumping Wheel spins exactly three times and jumps exactly three times," he says.

One of the customers for fireworks made in the PRC has been the Disney Corporation, almost surely the major user of fireworks in the world. At California's Disneyland a nightly show has been fired since the park's inception 20 years ago, and now every evening a matching display goes off at Disney World in Florida. Disney officials are reluctant to divulge their annual fireworks budget, though it is surely more than $1 million, since not only does the continuing operation at their two parks send up more than 100,000 aerial bombs a year, but Disney now and then produces shows in various other communities, the Sheep Meadow exhibition being an example.

Disney plans for the bicentennial year may well be in the great tradition of Charles V, Czar Alexander and Charles Thomas Brock. A number of cities, aware of Disney's programs, have approached the company with bicentennial proposals—including New York, which is said to be making plans (thanks to an assured gift to the city from Macy's) for a show to be shot off 20 barges moored near Governors Island, with the Statue of Liberty as a symbolic centerpiece, and Washington, D.C., where it is rumored that $1 million will be spent on a project that calls for lining Pennsylvania Avenue and parts of the Potomac River with twin lines of enough mortars to shoot an avenue in the sky marked by 150,000 shells.

Predictably enough, Disney has decided that the color motif for its bicentennial celebrations will be red, white and blue, with a little gold and silver for glitter. Jani, the head of the operation, has been traveling around the world for more than a year buying up every red, white and blue shell he can find, and placing orders for more. Blue shells are difficult to purchase since the proper shade in the national colors demands a mixture that is not only comparatively volatile during the manufacturing process but requires a copper-based chemical that irritates the skin and leaves an odd and displeasing taste in the mouths of workers assembling the pieces.

One of the places where Jani picked up blue shells was the PRC. He carried around the Abrams coffee-table book *The Art of Walt Disney* to try to portray his employers to the Chinese, who in the northern part of the country have never heard of Disney. "It may be different in the south," he said, "but the north has been so isolated that even the motion-picture makers there had never heard of Mickey Mouse. I showed them the book. He was really quite hard to explain."

"Did you try out Goofy on them?" he was asked.

"I stuck with the Mouse."

Though it is estimated that between 10% and 15% of the fireworks to be used in bicentennial celebrations will be Chinese, there has been almost no criticism from the American public, especially from those who have seen the displays. A more common sentiment was voiced after the Sheep Meadow show; as one spectator put it, the trouble with Chinese fireworks was that 15 minutes after seeing them one was hungry to see more.

Conversely, there was considerable criticism after World War II when Japanese fireworks were imported and became an integral part of municipal shows. Yet one of the influential figures in international fireworks has been the Japanese promoter and manufacturer Toshio Ogatsu. The head of a company that goes back 250 years (his 11th forefather turned out fireworks for the enjoyment of the feudal lords in the 18th century), Ogatsu came to the U.S. after the war to offer his products and his expertise. He referred to himself as an "artist" and was inspired by waterfalls, flights of birds, ascending space rockets and the movement of fish in an aquarium (one of his aerial extravaganzas was called Tropical Pool).

First painting his concepts on canvas, and then with meticulous care trying to emulate his designs in the night sky, Ogatsu has taken his aerial displays around the world, showing off what he refers to as "the most beautiful power in the sky that belongs to all people." The Mexicans have been his most appreciative audience, their vocal enthusiasm almost drowning out the thunder in the heavens. And the worst, he says, are the

continued

# American Express® discovers the secret to Hilton hospitality. For every three guests there are two Hiltons.





Hilton knows great service means good people—and plenty of them. So for every three guests, there are two Hiltons to make your stay more pleasant.

More Hilton people to help you means a recep ionist with a few extra minutes for answers to your questions—about Hilton restaurants, the valet service, or the many other conveniences that can make your Hilton stay a real pleasure.

It means a chef who can put more artistry into his sauces and his menu specialties.

A maid who has more time to make your room sparkle. There are Hilton people in every Hilton hotel eager to welcome you, to wait on you, and spoil you a little.

And that's the secret to Hilton hospitality—people. The two Hiltons for every three guests.



Next business or vacation trip, just call your local Hilton Reservation Service. Or arrange your Hilton reservations through your travel agent.

And don't forget to bring the American Express® Card. It is always welcome at all the Hilton hotels around the country and around the world. If you don't have the Card, simply call 800-528-8000. Or pick up an application at a Hilton hotel.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

**The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.**

# You only ride like a Pacer if you're wide like a Pacer.

The Pacer is wider than any other small car.

It's this extraordinary width that gives you such incredible stability. It also gives you much more.

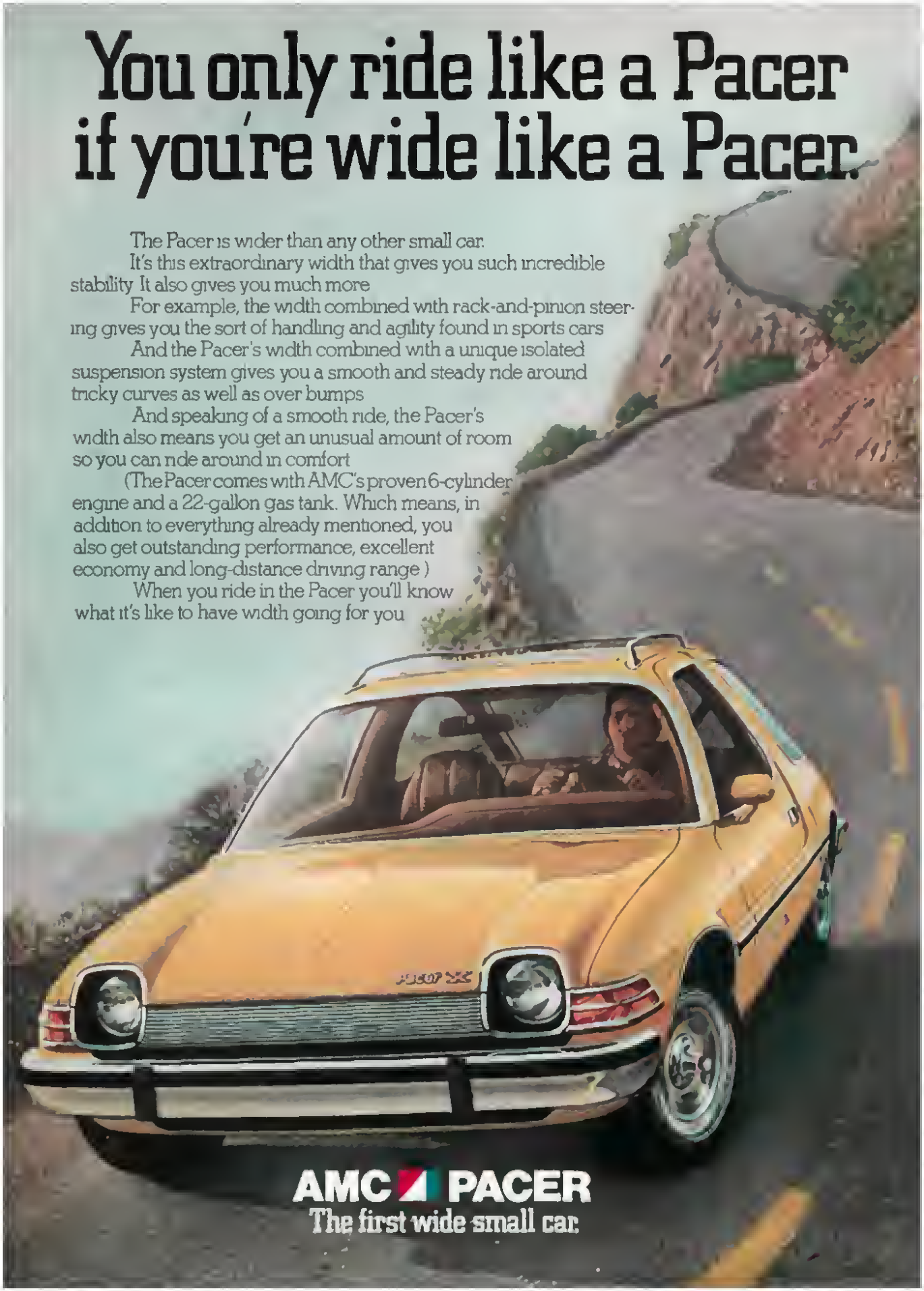
For example, the width combined with rack-and-pinion steering gives you the sort of handling and agility found in sports cars.

And the Pacer's width combined with a unique isolated suspension system gives you a smooth and steady ride around tricky curves as well as over bumps.

And speaking of a smooth ride, the Pacer's width also means you get an unusual amount of room so you can ride around in comfort.

(The Pacer comes with AMC's proven 6-cylinder engine and a 22-gallon gas tank. Which means, in addition to everything already mentioned, you also get outstanding performance, excellent economy and long-distance driving range.)

When you ride in the Pacer you'll know what it's like to have width going for you.



**AMC PACER**

The first wide small car.

# And with the Pacer you get the wide coverage.

## THE AMC BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.™

**THE FOLLOWING PARTS AND SERVICES ARE COVERED AGAINST FACTORY DEFECTS OR FAILURE DUE TO WEAR FOR 12 MONTHS OR 12,000 MILES.****

**PARTS FIXED OR REPLACED FREE**

| | AMC | GM | FORD | CHRYSLER |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Engine/Drive train | YES | YES | YES | YES |
| Spark plugs | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Shock absorbers | YES | NO | NO | YES |
| Brake linings | YES | NO | NO | YES |
| Clutch linings | YES | NO | NO | YES |
| Wiper blades | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| All light bulbs | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Hoses & Belts | YES | YES | NO | NO |

**SERVICES PROVIDED FREE**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wheel alignment | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Wheel balancing | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Align headlights | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust carburetor | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust distributor | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust brakes | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust clutch | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust transmission bands | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Adjust & tighten belts | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| Tighten nuts & bolts | YES | NO | NO | NO |
| **Free loaner car** | YES | NO | NO | YES |
| **Trip Interruption Protection** | YES | NO | NO | NO |

™Buyer Protection Plan is a Trade Mark of American Motors Corporation
**Chrysler coverage is 12 months, unlimited mileage

AMC will fix or replace free every part (except tires) for 12 months or 12,000 miles, whether the part is defective or just plain wears out under normal use and service

And when we say every part, we mean every single part. Even all those annoying little things that occasionally wear out. Like spark plugs, wiper blades, yes, even light bulbs.

AMC also has a plan to provide a free loaner car should guaranteed repairs take overnight. And a special Trip Interruption Plan that pays up to $150 for food and lodging if guaranteed repairs have to take place more than 100 miles from home.

To cover a car with a plan as wide as ours, you have to have a car as good as the Pacer.

**$3,299***

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price not including state and local taxes, destination charges. Wheel covers, white side wall tires, other options extra.



We back them better because we build them better.

Russians. "Insensitive," he has called them, perhaps because Ogatsu was tactless enough a few years back to conclude a show over the Moscow River with a fiery display of Mount Fuji, dwarfing the penultimate replica, which was of the Kremlin towers and rather tacky. Ogatsu was not asked back.

In the United States, Ogatsu is perhaps most famous for his fireworks displays in New York City during the late '50s and '60s, the annual show sponsored by Macy's that was shot off a string of barges in the Hudson River held taut against the quick currents by tugboats at both ends. Ogatsu oversaw sending almost two tons of fireworks into the sky, and a million people lined the New Jersey and Manhattan shores to watch the show.

Ogatsu's English was poor, and much of his communicating with the technicians was done in sign language and by imitating the sound effects of the aerial bombs he wanted prepared and loaded in the mortars. John Serpico, the president of the International Fireworks Company that fired the Hudson River shows for Ogatsu, remembers the pops and cheek-bulging reports and hisses and whistles he performed, his eyes widening with effort, and leaving little doubt what he was talking about. "Ogatsu was a fireworks show in himself, like a one-man band," Serpico says.

Out on the barges, Ogatsu wore a special ceremonial jacket while directing the shooting of his displays, and also a bandanna covered with Japanese characters. Serpico remembers that just before the first aerial reports were sent up into the early evening sky in the series of big bangs—the "maroons" that traditionally open a show—Ogatsu would go off to a corner of the barge and pray.

One warm summer night Ogatsu was not on board the barges. "He never came out," Serpico recalls. "We certainly could have used his prayers that night." Halfway through the program, on the lead barge, a big Japanese shell burst open prematurely, just a few feet above the muzzle of its mortar, and its spray of stars ignited the entire deck load of fireworks beneath. The concussion killed two of Serpico's men. "Cases of shells just kept going up, on and on. It lasted for an eternity," he says.

From the shore what was happening seemed to be part of the show, a huge set piece: the barge bloomed like a thick multipetaled flower, long pistils of color arching out of it; along the riverbanks the faces of the crowd shone in the magnesium glare and applause broke out in admiration. Perhaps only Ogatsu, if he was standing nearby, knew that something awry and awful was going on out there in the middle of the river.

The effect of fireworks going off uncontrolled can be devastating. In 1930 a fireworks factory blew up in Devon, Pa. with a force reported to have derailed and partly wrecked a passing train. In 1953 a fireworks company in Fort Worth went up in a frightful flash, injured 17 persons, destroyed a number of motel cabins and ignited a wayward rocket that landed in a distant field and started a prairie fire that burned down an airport hangar.

National concern over such dangers obviously multiplies when fireworks get into the hands of the public. In the past the statistics have been almost unbelievable. on July 4, 1903, when the population was three-eighths of what it is now, fireworks accidents killed 466 and injured almost 4,000 people. A favorite and lethal firecracker of the time was a foot-and-a-half-long cardboard casing filled with saltpeter, carbon and sulfur that went off with a blast that shivered the leaves on trees for an acre around. Because of devices like this, nearly as many people have died in the U.S. celebrating Independence (around 4,000 over the years) as actually died fighting in the War of Independence.

Reactions to the statistics were inevitable. In the 1930s a number of antifireworks campaigns were launched, an especially effective one by Edward W. Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal*, which printed scores of pictures of maimed children. Individual states began to pass laws. Federal regulations banned the descendants of the huge firecrackers of the early 1900s, including the cherry bomb of the '40s, the salute and the postwar M-80, the insidious silver-colored cylinder with the stiff fuse sticking out of its middle. The M-80 retained its original military nomenclature—it was used by the armed forces to simulate grenade blasts and the sounds of battle—and with its waxed and thus waterproof fuse it was a favorite among high school students for lighting and dropping down a flushing toilet to see what would happen, the inevitable was a pipe erupting a floor or so below with devastating effect, particularly if a class happened to be in session.

Far less harmful devices also began to disappear from the national scene, like the SOS Ship. This was a squat cardboard craft, about five inches long, with people painted along the rail, quite suitable for launching in a pool, and it had a single funnel with a fuse sticking out that when lit caused (according to the catalog that every boy coveted) "A Shrill Siren Whistle Followed by Several Loud Reports Ending in Complete Destruction of Ship." A companion piece was a cardboard fire engine that did more or less the same thing, including an equivalently cataclysmic finale, one described as "A Whistle Followed by a Brilliant Flash of Flame, Ending in Complete Conflagration of Fire Engine."

So effective and far-reaching were the laws in some states, notably in the Northeast, that not only were things that went *bang* and destroyed themselves outlawed, but also those that went *pop*—such as Roman candles, and even the party snappers in the colorful cylinders with the paper hats that children had enjoyed at birthday celebrations. One Connecticut legislator, arguing against such stiff laws, mourned that the Fourth of July would "become a day of red, white and blue lollipops." Substitutes for fireworks were tried. By congressional resolution in 1963, bells were to be rung throughout the United States (a project entitled Let Freedom Ring), but the idea never caught on.

At present, household fireworks come under the jurisdiction of the Federal Hazardous Substances Act, which is now administered by an independent regulatory agency known as the Consumer Product Safety Commission.

Its five commissioners listen to petitions and testimony from groups like the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness and the National Fire Marshals Association, who want to ban all types of fireworks. But to date the agency, after reviewing considerable data, has concentrated on setting safety standards for all household fireworks and especially for the firecracker (still the primary cause of accidents), limiting the latter to only two grains of powder, which is approximately the amount that goes into the Chinese firecracker that seems to spit it-

continued

# PALL MALL GOLD 100's

Longer filter, longer tobacco, milder taste.




## Longer...yet milder

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. tar, 1.4 mg. nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 7[illegible]

self into shreds of red paper on the pavement rather than explode.

The big bang down the street that startles the neighborhood on the Fourth is invariably an illegal firework sold out of the back of a station wagon by a bootlegger, the retailer for a clandestine operation devoted almost entirely to turning out silver salutes and M-80s using as much as 40 to 50 grains of flash powder per cracker. The responsibility for ferreting out such manufacturers falls chiefly on the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, whose operatives—the bureau being a division of the Treasury Department—are the famous T-men (who like to point out that they refer to their wives as "T-bags"). The T-men arrest a dozen or so bootleggers a year, a typical haul totaling perhaps 50,000 M-80s and silver salutes from an operation set up in a barn usually, or a farmhouse, though in one instance in an apartment complex in Baltimore. The consequences could have been startling to the neighborhood.

"These factories blow up from time to time," said one T-man. "They're very hard to find, but if one goes . . . well, there's not much trouble in pinpointing *that* one."

The majority of fireworks manufacturers support the actions of the government agencies. The evening professional show, which the agencies appear to condone, is what they believe must be preserved. Thus, the fireworks industry is sanguine about the days to come. As far as it is concerned, the only damper on the future of the fireworks show is something it can't do anything about, the weather.

If it is not too bad, the weather actually can add a quality to a show. At the celebration of the 90th birthday of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1973, a soft rain muted a large display shot off from a barge just below the bridge, the low clouds glowing as the fireworks went off within them, so that there was a soft, blurred pleasing quality to what one saw. This was especially true in contrast to the concussions of the maroons and the noise shells blatting sharply back from the glass facades of the Wall Street towers, echoing in and out of the downtown canyons, the volume increasing almost as if the sound were being sucked in and amplified by vast horns. A great evening for the Italians!

But more familiar are the soft summer evenings when the weather always seems perfect. The crowd collected, the occasional pop of a firecracker at its perimeter and perhaps a sparkler or two fizzing and the scampering of children, and then at the end of the dock or down across the baseball diamond where the scaffolding with the lanes outlining the American flag is discernible, a red flare suddenly glows in the twilight. Expectant murmurs sift through the crowd, the flare dips, and there is a thump of the first canister of the evening going up, the faint flutter of its passage, and the faces turn to the sky in expectation of what is going to happen up there. END






Welcome to

# The Insurance Store

## Why it pays to shop at The Insurance Store.

Today, buying insurance is like buying a new house or a car.

It pays to shop and compare.

Because insurance companies don't all charge the same rates.

And insurance policies don't all provide the same coverage.

But by shopping—you can both save money and get the best protection.

**Introducing One-stop Insurance Shopping.**

Now there's a new easy way to do all your insurance shopping.

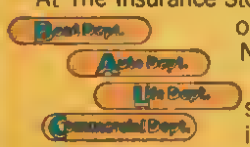
Simply visit The Insurance Store.

With one stop, you can find any and every kind of insurance you need.

You save time. Save money on low prices. And get the right coverage.

**Special Departments for Special Needs.**

At The Insurance Store, insurance is our main business. Not just a sideline. So the entire store is filled with insurance.




In fact, many Insurance Stores have even set up special departments for all the different kinds of insurance they sell. Including homeowners, automobile, marine, health, life, theft, liability, bond, aviation, and business insurance.

Within each department, you'll find a wide variety of insurance policies and prices.

So when you shop at The Insurance Store, you can always select. You don't have to merely settle

**Your Choice of Leading Brands—including Continental Insurance.**

At The Insurance Store, you'll also find a wide variety of insurance companies.

Some specialize in low price.

Others, in broader coverage.




But we at Continental offer a combination of both.

For example, consider our unique PCP Plan, the all-in-one plan.

It lets you combine separate policies on your home, your car, and yourself all into one neat little package that actually gives you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.

**Save with Low Prices and Exact Coverage.**

You don't have to know a lot about insurance at The Insurance Store. Because the trained professionals there do.

They can tell you if you have the right policy. Or not.



If you have too much coverage. Or too little.

And, quite often, by recommending the exact policy and coverage you need—they can save you money in the process.

**24-hour Service.**

At The Insurance Store, we service what we sell.

Let's say you buy a Continental Insurance automobile policy.

You automatically get 24-hour toll-free Dial-A-Claim Service.



It's backed by over 1600 claims adjusters located throughout the U.S. and Canada.

So anytime, anywhere you need help, help is always nearby.

**What's Best for You.**



Every Insurance Store is owned and operated by an independent insurance agent.

Unlike agents who represent Allstate or State Farm only, independent agents are beholden to no one insurance company. Including Continental.

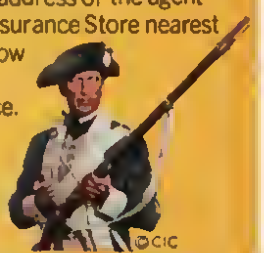
And so if the company with which they place your insurance doesn't do what's best for you, they're free to switch their insurance to another company which will.

That gives them tremendous leverage to use on your behalf. And use it they do.

**Over 16,000 Locations to Serve You.**

For the name and address of the agent who operates The Insurance Store nearest you, just see the Yellow Pages under Continental Insurance.

Need insurance? Shop and save at The Insurance Store.




**Continental Insurance**

featured at

**The Insurance Store**

The Insurance Store is a service mark of The Continental Insurance Company

# Add one miserable day, one easy chair, and serve.




For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the week June 16-22**

**BOWLING**—SAL BONGIORNO of Hollywood, Fla. defeated Larry Laub 217-204 to win the $50,000 Portland Open and $5,000 in Beaverton, Ore.

**BOXING**—Mexico's RUBEN OLIVARES scored a second-round TKO over American champion Bobby Chacon in Inglewood, Calif. to take the WBC featherweight crown (*page 64*).

**CREW**—Capitalizing on a strong start, HARVARD defeated the University of Washington to win the national title. The Crimson eight covered the [illegible] mile Thames River course in New London, Conn. in 20:14 to finish three boat lengths ahead of the Huskies (*page 59*).

**GOLF**—BETSY CULLEN fired a two-under-par 70 for a 211 total to take the $5,700 first prize in the $40,000 Hoosier Classic at Plymouth Hills Country Club. Judy Rankin finished second, one stroke off the pace.

**HARNESS RACING**—NICKAWAMPUS LEROY ($11.80), driven by George Phalen, won the $50,000 Empire Pace by a neck over Keystone Smartie, covering the mile in 1:59 [illegible] at Yonkers.

**HORSE RACING**—RUFFIAN ($2.10), ridden by Jacinto Vasquez, completed her sweep of the fillies' Triple Crown with a 2¾-length victory over Equal Change in the $111,980 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont. In recording her 10th win in as many starts, the unbeaten filly covered the 1½ miles in 2:27 [illegible] to equal the stakes record set [illegible] years ago by Magazine.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—JAMES HUNT of Great Britain registered his first Formula I championship win and the first for Team Hesketh [illegible] victory over Austrian Niki Lauda in the Dutch Grand Prix in Zandvoort. Hunt averaged 110.48 mph in the 75-lap race; Lauda's Ferrari was 1.06 seconds back.

**SOCCER**—NASL: In his second week as a New York Cosmos, Pele found the affection of Boston fans [illegible] restrained, so to speak, as he was mobbed during a 2-1 overtime loss to the Minutemen, led by recently signed Portuguese star Eusebio. Late in the second half the Brazilian was thrown to the ground by [illegible] fans and suffered a pulled knee muscle and sprained ankle. Despite all the attention given to New York, Rochester moved into [illegible] [illegible] the Northern Division with 44 points in spite of a 2-1 loss to Baltimore. Tampa Bay continued to lead the Eastern [illegible] Miami. During the week the Rowdies [illegible] Dallas [illegible] then rebounded to take a 2-1 [illegible] from St. Louis. Miami's Steven David set league records by scoring [illegible] [illegible] Washington [illegible] Denver 2-0 [illegible] John [illegible] each goal in 12 games [illegible] the West by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] week [illegible] third [illegible] the Western [illegible] earlier in the season Seattle [illegible] [illegible] 14 points [illegible] Jose [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 3-2 [illegible].

ASL: The New York Apollos [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Eastern Division [illegible] Rhode Island [illegible] Pittsburgh 4-1 [illegible] Connecticut Yankees [illegible] [illegible] Cleveland [illegible].

**SWIMMING**—World record [illegible] during the AAU [illegible] next month's World Games [illegible] Hometown star TIM SHAW [illegible] freestyle in 15:20.91 and [illegible] the 400-meter freestyle [illegible] [illegible] MONTGOMERY [illegible] in the 100-meter free [illegible] Mark Spitz's Olympic mark of 51.22 [illegible] BRUCE FURNISS [illegible] Ana, Calif. shattered the 200-meter free standard of 1:51.66 with his 1:50.89, and SHIRLEY BABASHOFF of Mission Viejo, Calif. [illegible] record in the 400-meter free in a 4:14.76.

**TENNIS**—BILLY MARTIN of UCLA [illegible] the second freshman (Jimmy Connors [illegible]) to win the NCAA singles title [illegible] [illegible] 6-4, 6-4 [illegible] George Hardie in Corpus Christi [illegible] UCLA won the team championship; Miami [illegible] second.

**TRACK & FIELD**—MARK ENYEART [illegible] turned in the best performance of his [illegible] ing American record holder Rick Wohlhuter [illegible] yards in the 800 meters with a time of 1:44.87 [illegible] ing the 87th National AAU championships in [illegible] gene, Ore. TOM WOODS recorded a [illegible] to win the high jump at 7' 5½", and [illegible] QUARRIE handed Steve Williams losses in the 100 and 200 meters with clockings of 10 [illegible] and 20.[illegible] (*page 22*).

**VOLLEYBALL**—IPVA: The Los Angeles Stars made their home debut a successful one before [illegible]

[illegible]

**MILEPOSTS**—[illegible] MORT BLAHUK [illegible] the Detroit [illegible] [illegible]

ELECTED: [illegible] [illegible] NHL's Most [illegible] [illegible]

MARRIED: [illegible] GONG, 2[illegible] [illegible] ROGER CAWLEY, 25 [illegible]

SIGNED: MARVIN (T) [illegible] STER, to a reported $1.5 million [illegible] by the Denver Nuggets [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the ABA [illegible]

DIED: Former All-Pro [illegible] JESSE RICHARDSON, 44, of [illegible] [illegible] adelphia. The Alabama graduate [illegible] with the Philadelphia Eagles [illegible] [illegible] with the Boston Patriots (1964).

DIED: SID GORDON, 57 [illegible] [illegible] .248 for the New York Giants [illegible] in New York City. The Brooklyn [illegible] [illegible] outfielder played 13 [illegible] [illegible] with the Giants (1941 [illegible]) [illegible] (1950-[illegible]) Milwaukee (195[illegible]) [illegible] [illegible] the Giants from Pittsburgh [illegible]

DIED: EDWARD EVERETT [illegible] [illegible] at Bucknell [illegible] and New York [illegible] Pa. Mylin [illegible] [illegible] Foundation's Hall of [illegible]

| CREDIT |
|---|
| [illegible] 20 [illegible] [illegible] 26 [illegible] 7 [illegible] 28 [illegible] 60 [illegible] 64 [illegible] 68 69 [illegible] 81 |

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**STEWART THORNBURGH**, 14, of Charleston, Ill., set three national weight-lifting records at an AAU Junior Olympic meet in his hometown. He snatched 135 pounds, then cleaned and jerked 175 pounds for a 310 total, all new marks in the 103-pound division.



**MURL BOWEN**, 40, baseball coach of Asher (Okla.) High, has directed his teams to a record 10 straight state "B" titles. In 16 years at Asher, Bowen's teams have won 13 state championships, five seconds and an overall record of 560-105 in the "A" and "B" classes.



**MELANIE KYLER**, 19, softball pitcher for Golden West College in Huntington Beach, Calif., led her team to the Community College World Series title in Omaha with two one-hitters and a perfect game in the 22-0 final win over Northeastern Colorado.



**HILARY NODEN**, a junior at Hopewell Valley (N.J.) High, ran a 4:56.8 mile, tops in the East this year for high school girls. Hilary is three-time state girls' high school champion in both cross-country and the mile and is undefeated in interscholastic competition.



**STEVE KEMP**, a junior All-America outfielder for USC, finished the season with a .435 batting average, 31 points better than the school record set in 1955. Kemp also tied the Trojan mark for triples (eight) and led the team in home runs (13), RBIs (67) and runs (53).



**MIKE CARTER**, 16, of Albuquerque, N. Mex., won both the 100- and 220-yard dashes on a rain-soaked track at the state high school championships. His 9.[illegible] for the 100 tied the state record for his age, and he ran the 220 in 21.9. Mike also has long-jumped 22 feet.

# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

**WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .**

Sir:

Your excellent article on Nolan Ryan in particular (*The Bringer of the Big Heat*, June 16) and fastballers in general reminded this ancient fan of a story that has been told about Lefty Grove:

Joe Kuhel of the old Washington Senators, after taking one of Grove's high, inside hard ones, was waved to first base by the umpire. Kuhel looked at him in astonishment.

"Look at your cap," the ump explained. "That last one turned the beak around."

MARSHALL SMITH

Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

How can Ron Fimrite compare Nolan Ryan to fireballers of old and completely overlook possibly the fastest of them all, Rex Barney of the Brooklyn Dodgers? Joe DiMaggio recently said on national TV that Barney was the fastest he ever went up against. Barney's speed was blinding

BOB SCHU

Armonk, N.Y.

Sir:

How could you fail to mention Rube Waddell? Connie Mack called Waddell by far the fastest pitcher he ever saw. Waddell struck out more than 300 men a season in an era when most pitchers barely struck out 100. His 349 strikeouts in 1904 stood as the all-time high for 61 years. Waddell is the only pitcher who pitched before 1955 to be in the top 25 in strikeouts per nine innings (he is 11th on the all-time list).

MARTIN FEINBERG

Yonkers, N.Y.

• Some statisticians credit Waddell with only 343 strikeouts, in which case Bob Feller would have surpassed his record with 348 in 1946.—ED.

Sir:

I believe that when you mentioned Walter Johnson and his strikeout record of 3,508, you should have included one other great strikeout pitcher, Bob Gibson. At the end of the 1974 season, he had a career total of 3,057 strikeouts, and he has struck out 40 more so far this year.

MARK EPPERSON

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir:

For Ron Fimrite even to imply that Nolan Ryan is faster than the Big Train is a gross insult to all us members of the Walter Johnson Fan Club, and we won't stand for it! We'll admit there were no accurate fastball-measuring devices in Walt's day, so the next-best method, we figure, is to go by the stories handed down over the years. It is no secret that since 1915, by using this system of measurement, Johnson's fastball has been increasing in speed by about 10 mph each year. In fact, one of our members, a mathematician, using what he calls an extrapolation technique, figures that by the year 2000 the ball will be smashing into the catcher's mitt just as old Walt is starting his windup. Eat your heart out, Nolan!

J. M. BURKE

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Ron Fimrite asks if Nolan Ryan is faster than the old greats? The answer is yes. Ryan truly is the bringer of the biggest heat.

DARRYL CLARK

Nacogdoches, Texas

Sir:

The story on Nolan Ryan was great, but that cover says it all.

MARK MCBRYAN

Narberth, Pa.

**MAKING ROOM FOR CHINA**

Sir:

Congratulations to John Underwood for his fine article on China (*What's China's Track?* June 16). After reading it, I see no reason why the Olympics should continue. Instead, there should be an annual open track and field championship in which any runner from any country can compete if he qualifies in his event. There should be similar open championships for competitors in the other Olympic sports. This would ultimately eliminate nationalism and politics, for which the modern Olympics seem to stand.

BILL SULLIVAN

Boardman, Ohio

**BY THE DOLLARS**

Sir:

Here is one for the Sports Salaries Are Crazy department. Pele signs for $4.5 million (*Curtain Call for a Legend*, June 23), Muhammad Ali earns $5 million in one fight, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar asks to be traded despite a $2.5 million contract and Joe Namath rejects a $4 million offer. Despite all that, the two greatest backs in pro football history, Jim Brown and Gale Sayers, were never paid more than $80,000 a year, baseball's super pitcher, Nolan Ryan of the California Angels, makes a modest $125,000 a year, and pole vaulter Steve Smith has netted only $14,900 this year. Explanation, please.

TOM WAAD

Chicago

**NO DOUGH FOR DUFFERS**

Sir:

Your June 9 SCORECARD contained an article about a Las Vegas golf tournament for duffers (18 handicap and over) with a first prize of $50,000. It is absurd to think that a once-a-week golfer should be allowed to make this kind of money when some touring pros, who play and practice every day, don't earn that much in a year. As you said, Jack Nicklaus earned $10,000 less for winning the Masters.

Nicklaus and Johnny Miller recently turned down an offer to play a $1 million winner-take-all match because they didn't want to cheapen the sport. These men are a credit to the game. While some other sports are being turned into personal gold mines for a few big-name players, it is refreshing to know there are some athletes who think of their fellow competitors and not only of their wallets.

The touring pros have earned the right to play for big prize money. The Sunday golfers should be content to play the game for what it was originally intended—enjoyment.

JOHN TOOOR

Torrington, Conn.

**ANOTHER MARK FOR PRE**

Sir:

*A Final Drive to the Finish* (June 9) by Kenny Moore is a fitting tribute to Steve Prefontaine, one of the outstanding U.S. long-distance runners.

This past January, Prefontaine, together with 21 other select long-distance runners, visited Dr. Kenneth Cooper's Aerobics Center in Dallas. The group underwent psychological, physiological and running tests. The most revealing experiment conducted during the three-day period was a maximal performance test. This was accomplished on a treadmill with each athlete, in turn, running a 5:30 mile with the grade of the treadmill raised two degrees every two minutes. The object of the experiment was to have the athlete perform to exhaustion. During the test, a record of the maximum value of oxygen assimilated by the body was obtained. Results revealed that Pre consumed 84.427 milliliters of oxygen per kilogram of body weight per minute, which is the highest value recorded at the Aerobics Center.

*continued*

# Is there actually any one reason why you should ask for one brand of travelers checks instead of another ?

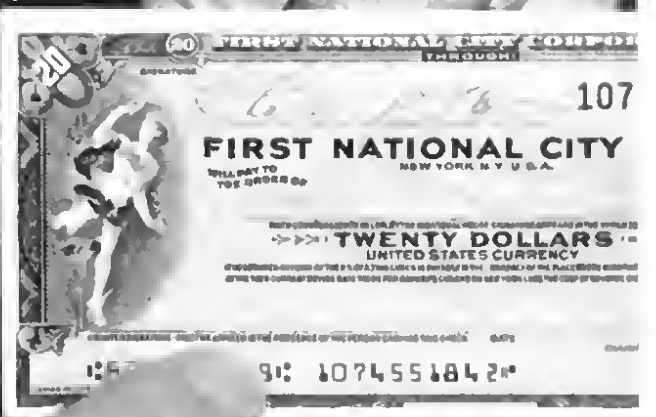
## Actually there are two!

1. First National City Travelers Checks have thousands more on-the-spot refund points than any other travelers check.

2. And that means chances are you're closer to a fast, easy, on-the-spot emergency refund with us than with any other travelers check.

Naturally, all leading travelers checks are happily accepted at literally millions of places . . . and, every travelers check promises you a refund if your checks are lost or stolen. Some can even give you an emergency refund at certain places. But only First National City Travelers Checks have over 35,000 authorized on-the-spot refund points worldwide —thousands more than any other travelers check.

Why waste your precious time? Ask for the brand that's number one in the number of places where you can get a fast, easy, on-the-spot refund.




First ask for

**First National City Travelers Checks**

Sold at banks and savings institutions everywhere.

The third finger? Just to remind you that your house, car and life are covered. Why not fully cover your money? With the Covered Money.

Based on EPA highway test ratings:

# All these Chevrolets got over 30 MPG.

## As you can see, you don't have to buy an import to get good gas mileage.



**VEGA NOTCHBACK COUPE**



**VEGA PANEL EXPRESS**

Equipped with the available 140-2 barrel engine and standard 3-speed manual transmission.

**37 MPG**

U.S. Government EPA rating in Federal highway test, 23 mpg in the city test. Consider the driving range this gives you based on Vega's 16-gallon fuel tank capacity.

---



**VEGA WAGON**



**VEGA HATCHBACK COUPE**

Equipped with the available 140-2 barrel engine and 4-speed manual transmission.

**32 MPG**

U.S. Government EPA rating in Federal highway test, 19 mpg in the city test.

---



**MONZA TOWNE COUPE**

Equipped with the available 140-2 barrel engine and 4-speed manual transmission.



**MONZA S HATCHBACK COUPE**

Equipped with the available 140-2 barrel engine, 4-speed manual transmission and 2.93 rear axle.



**MONZA 2+2**

Equipped with the standard 140-2 barrel engine, standard 4-speed manual transmission and available 2.93 rear axle.

**32 MPG**

U.S. Government EPA rating in Federal highway test, 19 mpg in the city test. Consider the driving range this gives you based on Monza's 18.5-gallon fuel tank capacity.

GM

**Don't make any deal till you see your Chevy dealer.** Chevrolet

This is just another record to be added to Pre's already bulging scrapbook.

NORMAN G. WAYNE

Brockton, Mass.

**IDOLS**

Sir:

After reading articles on Billy Martin and Tim Foli, in your June 2 and June 9 issues, I wonder why you would even bother to give space in your excellent magazine to two such spoiled brats. Add the article in your May 19 issue on Dick Allen's return to Philadelphia (who cares?) and you give our youth an idea of what *not* to be like. Thank goodness you more than balance this out with articles on the likes of Henry Aaron, Steve Garvey and Johnny Bench, who paint a bright contrast. These are the people I hope tomorrow's major-leaguers will emulate.

CRAIG H. COLBORN

Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir:

Oh, baby! Pat Jordan's article concerning the oh-so-cute Tim Foli was not very mature. The fact that he dated and married a Playboy Bunny and discusses with her the merits of posing in the altogether is quite a bore.

THOMAS D. CRAVEN

McKeesport, Pa.

Sir:

I appreciate your concern for unsung stars such as Tim Foli and would be delighted to see you continue in this vein and feature stories on such luminaries as Fred Stanley and Joe Lovitto.

ALAN J. MILLER

Cranford, N.J.

Sir:

I have been a great admirer of Tim Foli since he first appeared with the Mets. It is time he got the recognition he deserves.

ROBERT BLEETSTEIN

Roslyn, N.Y.

**PEDAL PUSHERS (CONT.)**

Sir:

The article on Oregon bicycle paths (*Where All Roads Lead to Roam*, May 26) is fine as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. Our bicycle-path program does not exist just for recreation and exercise or only to provide "a way to see [the country] without parking problems." The program also provides for basic intercity and intracity transportation.

The significance of the bicycle-path legislation is that one state has made a tangible and public commitment to bicycles as a transportation alternative. An extremely important factor is that a state highway department is being redirected. By the way, if $2 million a year for bicycle paths is stag-

*continued*




ENJOY TWO
GREAT ENTERTAINERS



Reproduction courtesy Ronald Lederman Collection Beverly Hills

DIONNE WARWICKE

LAUDER'S SCOTCH

86 PROOF




Lauder's Scotch is a great entertainer because it's the premium quality Scotch that doesn't sell at a premium. Lauder's lets any host be a great entertainer.

Authentic Scotch Dollar (Crown) minted between 1603-1625 Symbol of Lauder's value

Enjoy Dionne Warwicke's latest Warner Bros. album, "Then Came You."

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria Illinois

**EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
TIME & LIFE Building,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

TIME Inc also publishes TIME, FORTUNE, MONEY, PEOPLE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell, Vice Chairman, Roy E Larsen; President, James R Shepley, Group Vice Presidents, Charles B Bear, R M Buckley, Arthur W Keylor, Vice President—Finance, Richard B McKeough, Vice President—Corporate & Public Affairs, Donald M Wilson, Vice Presidents, Ralph P Davidson, Robert P Fisler, Otto Fuerbringer, Charles L Gleason, Jr, Peter S Hopkins, Edward Patrick Lenahan, Henry Luce III, Joan D. Manley, John A. Meyers, J. Richard Munro, I Gabriel Perle, Herbert D. Schutz, Ira R Slagter, Robert M Steed, Kelso F Sutton, Arthur H Thornhill, Jr, Garry Valk, Barry Zorthian, Treasurer, Clifford J Grum Asst. Treasurers, Olga Curcio, J. Winston Fowlkes; Comptroller and Asst Secretary, William F Bishop Asst Comptrollers, Kevin L Dolan, Eugene F Farro, Asst Secretary, P Peter Sheppe.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS & ORDER FORM**

IF YOU'RE MOVING, PLEASE LET US KNOW 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Attach your present mailing label here and fill in your new address below. Mail to
**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
**TIME & LIFE BUILDING**
**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611**

**FOR FASTER SERVICE**
About this or other matters concerning your subscription-billing, renewal complaints, additional subscriptions, etc,
**CALL TOLL FREE**
**800-621-8200**
**(Illinois: 800: 972-8302)**

Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands is $14.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $10.00 a year; all others $18.00 a year

**To order SI, check Box:** ☐ new ☐ renewal

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP



gering, where does that put $200 million a year for highways?

A statewide network of bicycle paths has not been instantly created, but we have started. Let the record show that Oregon is serious about bicycles and bicycle paths

DANIEL A PANSHIN

Corvallis, Ore.

Sir:

In October I will complete 25 years as a motor-carrier public-relations director In March I completed one year as a bicycling commuter—11 miles each day between home and the rail depot, a procedure I began when California gas lines were two hours long and one that I enjoy so much I'll stop only when I can pedal no longer

Never once in more than 2,000 miles has a truck driver yelled at me (and only rarely have motorists, three young rowdies in a sports car are all that come immediately to mind) So, on behalf of the hundreds of thousands of clean-cut, upstanding family men who are the nation's truck drivers, I protest their grotesque depiction in the drawing that accompanied your article.

RAYMOND D KERSHNER

San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

I took particular offense at the description of my hometown, Grants Pass, Ore (not Grass Pants, as Robert Cantwell preferred to call it) First of all, the only people who have the gall to refer to Grants Pass in such a way are from Medford, and they do so merely because of the rivalry that exists between the two towns during high school football season. Secondly, if Mr Cantwell had taken the time, he would have found that there are many interesting sights to be encountered between the town of Wonder and the Oregon Caves, such as a ghost town, a museum filled with historical items, numerous streams, a lake (Selmac) and many parks And since, according to Mr. Cantwell, 69% of the people who ride bicycles do so for recreation and exercise, this would seem to be an ideal place for such a venture

GARY ENOCH

Eugene, Ore

**THROUGH THE GLASS BRIGHTLY**

Sir:

Although as an old Bostonian I read with parochial pride how MIT's simon-pure athletes "beat their brains out" along the Charles (*Beating Their Brains Out*, May 26), I was sorry John Underwood said nothing about Tech's swimming pool In the 1930s, when it was brand new, it was a three-day news story

It seems that for years MIT had no pool of its own, only a beautiful design for one resulting from a prize competition in its architectural school. Somehow in those Depression years the money was raised and construction begun

The building was scientifically sited and designed to take every advantage of solar heat, and for that reason its southwest wall was sheer glass, so as to admit as much afternoon light and warmth as a grudging New England sun might provide But MIT's brainy architects had not realized what the effect would be when, in the late afternoon, artificial lights were turned on inside The swimmers wore not even a fig leaf and when they climbed the tower to dive into the pool they exposed themselves—I fear that is the only word—to scores of female secretaries and lab technicians in nearby buildings.

That was long ago, and I forget what MIT's solution to the problem was Perhaps, being pragmatists, its governors simply decided that nobody had to watch the illuminated swimmers unless he or she wanted to

LEONARD WARE

Washington, D.C.

• Shortly thereafter, MIT began issuing regulation swimsuits, a practice it still maintains.—ED.

Sir:

As a member of the MIT soccer and baseball teams, I would like to present a point of view that you somehow managed to omit from your article To begin with, MIT athletes are not mostly patsies. The place is known for its academic excellence, but the egghead image does not fit Most people are here not because of their brilliance (a truly rare quality) but because of their fiercely competitive nature and willingness to put in what it takes to do what they do The concept of seeking mediocrity is an ungodly one As Coach Francis O'Brien says, "Ya gotta love it" This attitude underlies MIT's success in sports

Another upsetting statement in your article was "Some of its teams do very well, and some merit the inattention" It is my opinion that guys like those on the lacrosse team, whose wins in the past three years can be counted on one hand, deserve the biggest round of applause for sticking it out Believe me, playing in the absence of any spectators, save an occasional campus patrolman or misguided visitor, has some very serious psychological implications that your article failed to mention Would any of today's sports notables have achieved their heights without someone to cheer them on when things were not just right?

ROBERT MARCIALIS
Class of '78

Cambridge, Mass.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

# For the man of principal.



## Old Grand-Dad.
Head of the Bourbon Family.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys 86 proof and 100 proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky 40601.




© B&W T Co.

Milds, 14 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; Kings & Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74